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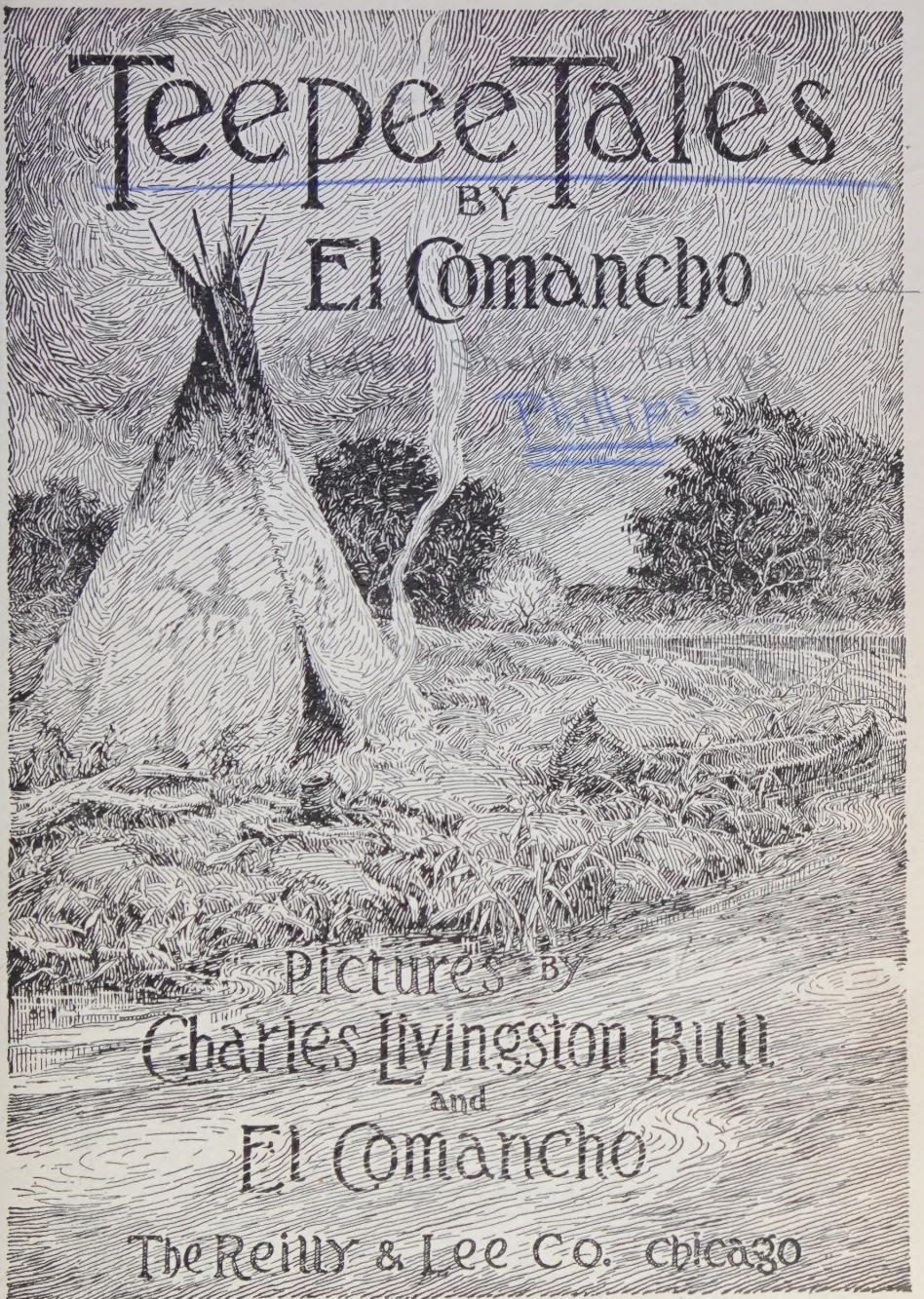
Teepee Tales

Teepee Tales

BY

El Comancho



Pictures By

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and

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TEEPEE TALES

To

The Real Bobbie, Phyllis, Dorothy, Betty Jane and little Tommy, with Love and Best Wishes.

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Recollections of a Story Teller

Being Some Rambling Notes on Gone-before-days

WHEN "Teepee Tales" was being made ready for book form, the publishers asked me to write an introductory story properly presenting Little Owl, the old Indian story-teller, to my young readers. This is a difficult task for the reason that Little Owl, though actually a composite figure, is in fact very real to me. He was a thinker and philosopher, a tragic and pathetic figure who came upon the stage just at the time when the wave of white man's invasion was rolling over and obliterating the tribes of the West.

The Indian I had in mind as the original of this character was a member of the five allied tribes dwelling along the shores of Elliot Bay where Seattle now stands.

Old Sealth (Seattle of the White Man) was head chief of the five tribes with headquarters at Old-man House, near where Port Madison now stands.

The chief of the Lakes tribe, the Siawash, was Chi-siah-ka (Owl-thinker) whom I met forty years ago when Seattle was a little village and the five allied tribes were still a power in the West.

Chi-siah-ka lived on the upper end of Lake Union, across from the portage into Lake Washington, and his

people lived in camps here and there along the shores of the lakes mentioned above. The surrounding country was then heavily timbered from the snow line on the mountains down to the very water's edge of the lakes and one traveled by Indian canoe—or he did not travel.

Being born with "the restless foot," I began my wanderings early in life, and thus it was that I came to know old Chi-siah-ka. I traveled with him many times, stayed with him in his cedar-shake house—long since lost under the wave of white man's civilization—and learned from him the language of his people, his ways, his point of view, and from him gained a wealth of the lore of the woods and the ways of nature.

Through this association I listened to many Indian legends of these coast tribes. I was with them so much that I had as well been one of them, as indeed I did become after old Chi-siah-ka adopted me as his son, giving me the name of T'solo (Wanderer, or Lost One). This was a name to conjure with so long as the old tribes lasted, but now it is gone—along with the old timers, their canoes, shake houses and even their language!

Where Chi-siah-ka lived, at the small, upper end of Lake Union, (now within the city limits of Seattle), the view from his house, looking across the lake, was magnificent. Heavy timber came down to the water's edge and back of it towered the lovely Cascades. This is the setting and background of "Teepee Tales." Here, then, is the location of the "Beaver Pond" with its little outlet creek into Lake Washington, and back of it lie the mountains and the great forest—all actual parts of the real

landscape as it was years before white men came and spoiled its beauty.

For twenty years I lived within a half mile of old Chi-siah-ka's dwelling. During this time my four grandchildren, in company with a neighbor's boy, went often to see the old man and converse with him in Chinook-English. He talked with them as Little Owl does in these tales and he taught them much of the out-of-doors. This association became the basis of these stories. The grandchildren and their boy playmate are the actual characters, so that most of the stories are from real life.

Age and the invasion by white men gradually took the old chief's people. They all vanished. Some went to Port Madison Reservation, many died. At last, old Chi-siah-ka and his squaw were the only ones left. Then one morning the old woman "chaco memaloose," (came dead) leaving poor old Chi-siah-ka to spend the rest of his days alone while civilization steadily closed in, cutting away his forests, changing his canoe portage into a monster canal, and building streets to his very door. At last he died, alone in the shake house. The city authorities, out of sentiment, sent his body to the Port Madison Reservation and there he was buried by the "black robes" (priests) in company with his people.

From old Chi-siah-ka came part of my story-teller's name. Now for the other half of his name and for other parts of his composite character.

Little Dog, Chief of the Blackfeet in Montana in 1910-1911, also adopted me as his son, calling me "Neet-sah-ta-pi," which means "The Alone Person." Little Dog

was a small man for an Indian, with a very fatherly disposition. He was exceedingly fond of children, having a large family of his own—children and grandchildren—and to these children he was a great story-teller.

Being his adopted son, I was always welcome in his teepee, and here I listened to many tales he told the children.

Many of the animal and bird names used in the stories as I have retold them are from his language, as Chinook is not rich in usable names and is harsh and hard to say. Blackfoot is a usable language, but not complete enough for all purposes of story-telling in English. Therefore, I make use of it within its own limitations, and at times have included words from the language of other tribes.

I have in mind the real Little Dog and the real Owl-thinker when I write Teepee Tales and in fixing on a name for my old man, I use Little Owl—a composite combining the Indian character and knowledge of both. I put him in a teepee because all children know about teepees and do not know about shake houses built of split cedar-shakes, though as a matter of fact, old Chi-siah-ka lived in such a dwelling.

Now comes another element into the forming of these tales. It is the Sioux.

Way back down the years, long before I met Little Dog, I became an adopted member of the Rosebud Sioux as the son of High Hawk, a sub-chief of the Rosebud band, and was given the name of "Wi-chash-ta Ish-nah-nah," which in English means "Alone Man." At that time the plains country was still a buffalo range and the Sioux held

the Dakota country west of the Missouri River and had their headquarters in the Black Hills. This was long before the Burlington road cut through from Grand Island to Billings—and which, by the way, was surveyed by Gillette, now a resident of Sheridan, Wyoming, and for whom I killed meat as he and his crew laid out this line.

From the time of my adoption by the Rosebud Sioux, I was a member of High Hawk's family, even while they were at war with the whites. During this period, I was also adopted into the Oglalla band and given the name of "O-mun-i-sa Wo-wap-pi O-wah-sah" (The Picture-writer man who goes by himself). This brought me into old Chief Gall's band, but my membership in the tribe did not last, as the Custer fight—1876—broke up the tribes, and thus I lost out on being all Sioux.

In later years, during the building of the Burlington line, I was in contact with the Sioux, and being a member by adoption, I received the welcome sign any place among them. This kept me in touch until 1890, the year of the battle of Wounded Knee. Sitting Bull was killed that year and there was much strife. The battle of Wounded Knee broke up the last of Indian resistance to white man invasion and my adopted people "turned white" and gave up the struggle. The old Indians died of broken hearts and now the young ones bob their hair and dance the Charleston!

But, time was, before the old days passed, when I sat in the teepees and heard them talk of everything of interest, from the fall buffalo hunt to the plans for warfare on a neighboring tribe. What times those were! All the

way to "Wanna hea nella" (the end-of-the-trail) I will remember those old days, those wild people with their own code, their own point of view, their own stories. What wonderful people they were if only the white man could have met them on their own level. It makes my heart ache when I think of it.

Days I have spent, flat on my back on a couch of buffalo robes, in a skin teepee, with the edges turned up to let the warm south wind bring comfort to us, listening to folk tales of the Ancients, war stories, raids, hunting tales, myths, all the literature of a mighty people who passed almost in a night. Only yesterday (or was it the day before?) I was with these people—a part of them. I have listened to an old man's "Pah-zhu-tah Olo-wan" (Medicine Song) and have heard his tom-tom beat, so low toned, so steady as to be almost the heart beat of his song. I have heard him pray to the gods to save his sick child, to have pity on his hungry people and send the great herd of "crooked horns" (buffalo) so his people would not starve.

And in the spring time, when the "thoughts of youth lightly turn to love," I have listened to love flutes from the willows along the cut bank streams, calling, calling in minor notes to the Indian girl-who-knew-who-came, and I can hear it now, like a bit of night mystery, with a sleepy bird call, and I can see the bone flute player out under the prairie moon! The old, old story of youth—of human hearts!

And I have heard the young men plan to go to war, and have seen them come back with the scalps of the

enemy and with captured horses, and I have seen them dance their deeds in pantomime at the time of the sun dance. All this was in the time when they were recognized as the owners of the land north of the Platte to Canada and west of the Chippewa country over to the land held by the Crows and the Blackfeet—over against "the Backbone of the World."

But now they belong with the Ghost-people, the Gone-before-ones who ride a land where there are "plenty buffalo, plenty horses, plenty hunting" and where all is as one's heart would plan it and where one says, "I-tah-mah-pi" (nothing left to wish for).

Some of all this has found its way into Teepee Tales, stories of the birds and animals and the things that were, and I have made use of Little Owl and his teepee under the maple at the edge of the Beaver Pond. The woods trails, the mountains, the water, all are real. Even yet I can see my own grandchildren, the "Little Robes," trotting off to visit the old Indian. There, in his lodge, they sat wide-eyed, deeply interested in the old man who talked with his voice, with his hands, with his eyes, telling of the Ancient Ones and of the animals, and of nature, and of all the strange, unusual things that go to make up life. Sitting alone in his dwelling, he was glad enough to have the children visit him. His stories were but parts of what was in his life and the lives and personalities of all Indian peoples.

Simmered down, Little Owl is Little Dog of the Blackfeet in personal disposition. He is High Hawk, of the Sioux, in looks, build, and manner of living in a teepee,

and he is old Chi-siah-ka (Owl-thinker) of the Siawash in his intimate knowledge and association of the nearby things.

How then, with all this so close to me and so intimately a part of my own past, can I write an introductory story to these tales? Cannot the reader arrange the meeting with Chief Little Owl far better than I could ever do it? So I merely give you this tale of the gone-before-days, and you may take it and make it into your own "O-lo-wan"—your own song.

El Comancho.

CHAPTER I.

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

It was a lovely day in early fall, and since it was Saturday the children, Dorothy, Bobby, and Phyllis, were out of school and free to play as they pleased.

"Let's go down to Little Owl's teepee and get him to take us for a walk through the woods," said Bobby, who being a boy was forever wanting to go to the woods.

But the girls were just as anxious, especially if Little Owl was to be along.

Little Owl was the old Indian Chief who lived in a teepee down by the shore of the Beaver Pond. He had lived there for years and years—no one seemed to know just how long. He was the last of his tribe and years before had come to the edge of the Beaver Pond and there established his teepee.

In time a city was built nearby, and houses came ever closer and closer to Little Owl's teepee. But he stayed. Perhaps he was tired of forever moving on before the advancement of white men.

Little Owl was very fond of children, and many of the neighboring children learned to visit his teepee and there listen to strange stories of the Far-back times and of animals and birds.

Little Owl was always willing to tell them stories. He took delight in teaching them the ways of the wild things. And how the children did love it!

So when Bobby suggested the visit to Little Owl's teepee, the others agreed at once.

So they went after little Tommy and Betty Jane and then off they trooped down the path which led to the old Chief's teepee.

At his teepee door under the big Maple, Little Owl, the old Indian Chief, sat scraping a piece of tough, second-growth Ashwood with a bit of broken glass. He was making a bow.

Slowly and carefully he scraped off shavings so thin one could see through them, and he scraped and scraped, a little here and a little there, testing the bends and squinting down the length of the wood as he worked until the two

ends tapered exactly alike and balanced on a common center, for a good bow must bend the same on both ends to drive an arrow straight and hard.

Slowly and carefully, for a long time, a little each day as the wood dries out and seasons in the air, the old man will work to fashion a perfect tool, until at last it will be done, ready to wrap with sinews and fit with a sinew string and then, in the hands of a good bowman, it will drive an arrow clear through a deer.

When Bobby, Dorothy and Phyllis came to see the old Chief, bringing little Tommy and Elizabeth Ann and Betty Jane with them, they stood and watched Little Owl until he had finished for the day and was ready to tell them a story.

He got up and went inside his teepee where he put the new bow away and then came back to the door.

"Hoh! Little Robes, so you have come to keep Little Owl from his work," he said.

"Very well, I think we will take a walk into the woods to-day and see what is new since we

were there last," he said. "There is always something happening in the woods for us to see and hear if we go quietly and keep our eyes open.

"If we are noisy, we will see nothing, for all the birds and animals are afraid of men and will run or fly if they hear us coming or if we make any quick moves where they can see. The way to do is to go quietly and carefully, and they will not be alarmed if they do see us."

They were walking up the path and as they turned a bend they heard something like a tenor drum beaten so fast that it made a rolling sound.

"Do you hear that noise? Can you tell what it is and what is making it?" Little Owl asked.

No one could guess what it was nor could they tell where it came from, as it seemed to come from all directions at once.

Little Owl smiled as he said, "That is Zint-ka Pah-sa, the Red-headed Woodpecker, and he is drumming on a dead limb right over our heads somewhere; that is why the sound seems to come from all directions.

"If he were off to one side, we could locate him easily. He is just starting to build a new house for himself and family, because he very seldom uses the same nest twice. With his bill he drills a hole larger than his body in the dead limb of

a tree or post, and there he has his nest, all safe and secure.

"But listen! Hear that chattering and scolding? Something is wrong with Ski-boo, the gray Squirrel. Let us go see what it is." And the children followed in single file.

When they got to the Oak tree Ski-boo was scolding and chattering and making an awful fuss and a great many birds were chattering and squalling and talking all at once too, and each one of them was trying to peck Ski-boo's eyes out!

They flew at him from all sides, sometimes two or three of them at once, and when they couldn't peck him about the head or face, they hit him just anywhere they could with their sharp beaks and every one of them pulled a little tuft of hair out of Ski-boo's skin every time he could, and some of them took a nip of the skin.

Ski-boo was hurting and smarting all over and he was trying his best to get away somewhere so they could not reach him. But they came at him so fast that he could do nothing but dodge,

first to the upper side and then around to the lower edge of the big limb he was on.

He was clear across the big Oak tree from the great hollow limb where he had a den. If only he could get to the doorway hole by which he got inside of this big limb, he would be all right, for no bird would dare to follow him into his own den.

The trouble was that they would not let him get home at all, so he was having a dreadful time of it!

At last he dropped ten feet to another big limb below him and then away he raced just as fast as he could run for his own hollow limb, with the whole flock chasing and nipping at him with their sharp beaks. But he finally reached the hole and in he dashed, to nurse his hurts in the saftey of his own home.

"Well, it served Ski-boo right," said the old Indian Chief. "He is a robber and a thief. He sneaks around in the trees, going just as quietly as a shadow, and every time he finds a bird's nest he eats the eggs, or even the young birds, so you see why every bird hates him.

"They caught him away from his den and they would not let him go back until they had punished him all they could.

A Walk in The Woods

"Yesterday I was walking in the woods on the other side of the Beaver Pond, where I go to get wood for making arrows, and I heard a great to-do among the birds. The Blue Jays were squawling and making a great racket.

"I stood still and listened. In a minute I saw Ski-boo racing just as hard as he could go along the big branches away up in the trees and he had a little newly hatched bird in his mouth.

"The Blue Jays were swarming right after him, screaming and pecking at him until he nearly fell off the limb as he ran.

"When he reached a point almost over my head he ran out on a long limb, but he chose the wrong one, so when he had gone as far as he could, there was no other limb that he could jump to.

"He tried then to turn around and run back toward the main trunk, but the birds flew right at his face and pecked at his eyes, and they managed to nip him now and then, and in order to defend himself he had to drop the poor little dead bird he was carrying.

"He had robbed a Blue Jay's nest, killing the little birds that were only one or two days old, and the Blue Jays had caught him and were driving him away. He had to run and hide some place to keep them from picking his eyes out, for the old birds would keep fighting him just as long as they could if he stayed and showed fight.

"The noise soon brought other birds and it would only be a minute or two before all the birds within hearing would come to help the Blue Jays.

"Ski-boo was cornered; he could not run any farther and he did not like the looks of the long fall, or jump, to the ground and the birds would not let him retreat. He was having a bad half hour.

"Presently he turned and fought back, trying to bite the birds when they flew down at him.

"He did not nip a single one of them and they nipped him all over until he quit trying to fight, but instead, just squalled like a big blubbering boy and ran as fast as he could go for the door of his den.

"He finally reached it, but he will be sore and hurt for several days, and all because he robbed a bird's nest instead of behaving himself. Now this fellow here, his neighbor, has just gotten himself out of the same pickle."

A Walk in The Woods

"Oh, look! There's a Chipmunk!" said Bobby, pointing. "Where has he been so long? We haven't seen him this year. Last year he was always around, but this year he has not been near here at all! I wonder where he was all this time? It is a Chipmunk, isn't it, Little Owl?" Bobby asked.

"Yes," said the old Chief, "that is Tash-na-heca, the Striped One, that white people call the Chipmunk, though why they should give him such a name as that I do not know.

"In the winter time he goes to sleep in some snug nest of his own in a hollow tree or some place like that where he will not freeze. Then he has nothing to worry about until spring.

"He is like many other animals that go to sleep through the cold part of the year when food is scarce.

"Nature provides so they eat and get fat in the fall and then go to sleep and wake up in the spring, sleeping and living on their own fat all winter.

"They do not freeze and yet if any dormant

animal is taken from its winter quarters and examined, it is stiff and cold just as though it were really dead, yet there is a slow circulation of the blood and the heart beats slowly and the lungs work slowly also.

"This fellow Tash-na-heca is lively enough now and will stay that way until late this fall. When the weather begins to get cold, then he will go to sleep again.

"During the summer he will be very much alive and running all over the woods. He is very inquisitive and wants to know all about everything all the time, so he keeps his eyes open constantly and just as soon as he sees anything moving that he does not understand he begins to chatter and scream and scold about it the best he knows how. Then all the birds and little animals run and hide, for they are afraid that he sees something dangerous—and most of the time he does not.

"The great trouble is that he does not know enough to keep his mouth shut, so he is generally just a false alarm."

Just then the Blue Jays down by the brook began to scream like mad and make a dreadful racket.

The old Chief listened a minute and then said:

"Something is trying to get a Blue Jay's eggs or young, and the Blue Jays are doing their best to drive the enemy away. We will go down and see what it is. Perhaps we can help. Likely it is a big horned owl or a squirrel. I will take my bow along and kill it if it is an owl, because owls eat all the birds they can catch and we don't want them around our woods."

In a minute they were all hurrying toward the place where the birds were screaming and chattering and scolding at the top of their voices about something or other.

When they got pretty close to the place Little Owl said:

"Now go slowly and just as quietly as you know how and we can get up close and see just what the matter may be. The birds are too busy to notice us if we are careful and they are keeping the enemy even busier than they are, so we should be able to get real close."

They crept ahead until they saw the birds all swarming about a certain spot among the

branches of an old Elm tree that grew beside the brook.

The birds were all headed toward one point and the children could see a dark mass on the limb which looked like a bird's nest.

"Ah, no wonder the birds are noisy," said Little Owl. "Their very worst enemy is eating either the eggs or the young. I am going to kill him. You all stay here while I creep up close where I can see and I'll shoot him with an arrow."

The children stayed right where they were and Little Owl crept toward the tree.

He circled around, looking up, until he reached the side of the tree away from the children. Then he fitted an arrow to his bow, pulled it back and let go. A second afterward something tumbled down to the ground with a thump.

"What is it, Little Owl?" Phyllis asked.

"It is Wamdushka Sa-pa, the big Blacksnake, who lives by robbing bird's nests and eating the eggs or the young whenever he finds them. So I have killed him because we want the birds in our woods. Come now, let us go back to the teepee, for you have walked enough this day for Little Robes. In my teepee you can let your little brother and sister rest and maybe I will tell you a story."

CHAPTER II.

AUTUMN COMES.

Little Owl sat in the sunshine beside his teepee door. The little waves sparkled blue on the Beaver Pond, for it was fall, and waves are always blue in the fall. Some of the Bird People were singing over in the grove on the hillside, but most of them were hunting food, which was growing scarce.

Phyllis and Bobby and Dorothy had brought their little friends, Betty Jane and Elizabeth Anne, to listen to the stories, too.

"Tell us a story about the birds," said Dorothy.

Just then a beautiful leaf came whirling down out of the big Maple tree that grows right beside Chief Little Owl's teepee, so he picked it up and said:

"Hoh, Little Robes, do you see this pretty Maple leaf? It is all painted up with red and yellow, for it is going to join all its tribe in the wind dances now.

"Eah, the Whistler, has brought a message from the Coldmaker to all the leaves in the woods, telling them to get ready, for the Coldmaker is going to blow his breath and make a big wind for the wind dance very soon.

"The leaves have worked hard all summer pumping water up from the ground to help the trees build their limbs. The leaves are tired now from so much work. The sun has started to go away to the Always-warm Country for the winter, so there will be no more limbs to build on the trees until next summer.

"When people finish their work they must play a while, for they would not want to work all the time. The leaves want to play, too, so they have a big wind dance when they get through work. You have seen them many times racing and whirling in the wind, have you not?

"That is their way of dancing, for they have no feet like you have.

"Now the leaves are all up in the trees when the Whistler brings word from the Coldmaker to get ready. How do you suppose they do this?

"First they stop their work of pumping water up through all the little tubes in the tree. That is so the tubes will all dry out, then they won't freeze in the winter.

"Every leaf then paints itself right away in the brightest colors that it can get by mixing sunshine with some other things, and then, the first thing you know, it is all ready for the big wind dance.

"Now it has to get down on the ground before it can dance, so each one plugs up all the little tubes that run into its stem from the tree; then it gets dried out a little bit in the wind so that it shrinks and lets go, to come whirling down to the ground just like this one did and then it is ready to begin dancing whenever the wind comes.

"Sometimes the frost helps it down from the tree, but it can get down just as well without any frost when it is ready."

"Tell us some more about the pretty leaves," said Dorothy, when Little Owl came to a pause. She knew that Little Owl liked to tell them stories, although at times he appeared to be quite gruff.

But that was only his way, and often he appeared gruff when he was only teasing the children.

For a moment now he sat silently smoking his pipe, acting for all the world as though he had not heard Dorothy and did not even know the children were in the teepee.

"Tell us some more," all the children chorused.

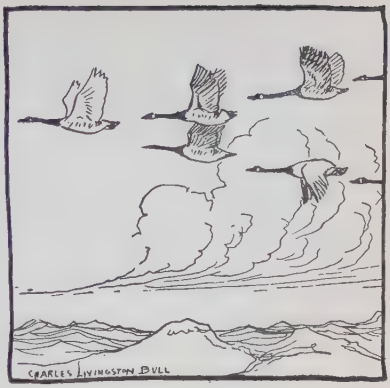
"Hoh! So you all want stories, do you? Very well, you shall have stories. But we will make a game of it. Let me see—there are five of you Little Robes here, so I will tell each of you a story. But I will ask first a question, something which gives you some hint of the habits of the bird or animal I am to tell about, and if you can guess what it is, then I will tell you more about that thing."

"Oh good!" the children clapped their hands. This would be great sport!

Little Owl glanced through the door of his teepee and high in the air he saw a dark line of birds winging south.

"A-yah! What is it that flies south in the Fall and as they fly keep themselves in a formation that looks like a giant letter V?" Little Owl asked.

This was a puzzle. They all made guesses, but none of them were right. Finally Bobby, who had been silent and thoughtful, spoke up.



"I know!" he said. "It is wild geese."

"Hoh! Listen to the mighty young hunter," Little Owl said, smiling. "He is right, it is Midi, the Goose who flies south against the sky and keeps his tribe behind him in the shape of a big V.

"Look through the door. See yonder? See him leading his tribe?"

The children looked up and, sure enough, there under the clouds was a big flock of wild geese flying like a big letter V and the old Goose Chief was talking to them in goose language as they went along.

"You see," said Chief Little Owl, "the geese are born away up near where the Coldmaker lives, and as soon as they are born they begin to eat all the green sprouts of tender seashore grasses they can so they will grow fast, for the summer is short up there.

"The little geese grow as fast as weeds; their feathers grow, too, and very soon they can fly a little.

"They keep on eating green sprouts that push

up through the warm mud, and they grow and fly more every day all summer long, so when fall comes they are big geese, able to fly anywhere.

"When the frost makes the marsh white, then the green sea grass sprouts stop growing and there is nothing much left for the geese to eat, so they have to fly over a great lot of marsh to find enough green grass shoots for dinner.

"They are grown up and strong now, like the old geese, and they are always hungry.

"Then some day along comes a soft sweet wind from the south again, like this little wind to-day, and it smells just like the sea grass marshes where the geese have lived and had plenty to eat all summer.

"Then Midi, the Goose Chief, calls all his tribe together and says to them, 'I smell good food where this wind comes from. It is time to go and find it; follow me;' and he spreads his wings and they all climb up in the air and fly straight against the wind, following that good smell of something to eat. And that is how he finds his way south again.

"Now we shall have another guess. At this time of the year many of the birds gather in big groups for their long journey to the Always-warm

country. What bird is it that is among the first here when Spring comes and has a song that sounds like he was saying, 'Cheer-up children, cheer-up children?' "

The children made many guesses, but none were right.

"You are only guessing," said Little Owl, "and not trying to think or remember. Now I will give you one more hint. His name begins with R and he wears a red vest."

"Robin!" all the children cried.

"Right!" said Little Owl. "Do you hear the Robin people talking over there among the trees?" he asked.

"They are holding a big council now, for they will all fly away very soon to the country of Always-Summer, where it doesn't get cold.

"You see, they must have plenty of worms and some fruit to eat or they cannot live, and already the Coldmaker has sent the frost here to drive the worms into the ground and get the world ready for winter, so the Robin People must go away where they can find something to eat.

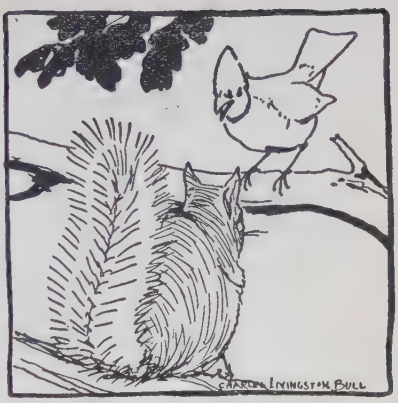
"All the Chief Robins have brought their families and tribes with them over to the Council place in the grove yonder to talk about where to go and how to get there. Some want to go to one place and some to another, but they will end by agreeing to all go at about the same time in one big band. They do this every year.

"The old Robin Chiefs are telling the young Robins what to do and how to follow their leaders. Hear them talking?

"Now if a little warm South wind comes and it smells like summer, some of the Chief Robins will start out ahead, taking as many of their families and young people as are ready to go. If the moon shines clear and the warm wind from the South is not too strong, they will fly all night, traveling South against the wind all the time, and then tomorrow they will rest and hunt worms while they wait for their friends to come and join them.

"Every day there is a South wind some of them will do this, and in as many days as the fingers of both your hands they will all be gone for the winter. That is what the big Council talk is all about now over there among the trees.

"When they come back next year I will tell you how they live and what they do."



Just then a little squirrel, in a nearby tree, set up a dreadful chatter. He seemed to be scolding about something.

"Oh, tell us why the Squirrel scolds so," said Elizabeth Anne, forgetting all about the game of guessing. And the other children nodded their heads.

"Hoh! So you Little Robes want to know why Skiboo, the Gray-one-with-the-hairy-tail, scolds everybody, do you? It is this way:

"Skiboo, the gray squirrel, is a great fellow to play and he spends much time in the early morning racing about among the tree tops.

"He chases his brothers and all his tribe up one tree trunk and down another, and he jumps from one tree to another, for he is the best climber we know among the Little People.

"When the sun gets up high enough to warm the world, Skiboo stops and says to his brother, 'Oh, dear! That was a great romp, but I am tired; now I am going to take a nap in the warm sun.'

"So he stretches out flat along a limb and goes

to sleep with one eye while he keeps the other eye open for danger, so he can scurry away quicker than you could wink if a big hawk should try to swoop down and catch him.

"He sleeps that way until he is rested and then, when it gets hot, he goes and climbs up into the summer nest he builds like a ball out of leaves up in some tree where there is a grape vine growing.

"You will see his nest right up there—see it among the vines?" the old Chief asked, as he pointed out the big ball of leaves in the tree top over his teepee.

"Toward evening Skiboo wakes up and finds himself hungry, so he climbs down and finds some nuts on the ground and eats what he wants. Sometimes he does this in the morning, too, and always he scolds and chatters if you come along and scare him, for he tries to tell you he doesn't like to be disturbed before he is through eating.

"When he gets all he wants to eat, he hunts more nuts and buries them in the ground so he can smell around and find them to eat when it gets cold in winter. Many of these he never finds after he has buried them, so they grow and become trees, because Skiboo planted them just right and then couldn't find them again."

Autumn Comes

Little Owl looked up through the leaves of the big maple tree which shades his teepee beside the Beaver Pond. The sky was clear, with white clouds like great balls of cotton floating along in companies.

"Those clouds up there look like the great white clouds of summer out in the country where I used to live," he said. "That was many years ago, and the plains were fairly covered by an animal that is now almost extinct. He was very valuable to the lives of the Indians, and he ran in herds. Can you guess his name?"

None of the children made the right guess.

"Look around you," said Little Owl, "for one of their skins is in this teepee right now."

"Bear!" shouted Bobby, patting the Bear skin robe he was sitting on.

Little Owl shook his head, "I am afraid you do not think. I said he ran in herds. Bears do not do this. I will give you one more hint—his image is placed on the five cent piece of the paleface."

"Oh, I know now. Buffalo," cried Dorothy. "Do tell us about the Buffalo."

"Well, as I said," the old Chief continued, "those clouds look exactly as they used to look just before a thunder storm came up away out there on the great plains when I was a little boy and the big Buffalo herds ran the country like wild cattle.

"My people knew all about the Buffalo, how they fed, where they traveled, and why they did all the different things they did do. Because they knew all about these things they could always kill Buffalo whenever they needed meat.

"It was a great country in those days—wide open with not a single house in sight anywhere —just miles and miles of rolling, small hills, all grassed over smoothly with the short, curly buffalo grass which grew no place else in the world, but which did grow on the buffalo plains where no other kind of grass grew at all. And the Buffalo herds fairly swarmed the country.

"Every day, once in the morning and once in the evening, the great Buffalo herds would go to the rivers or the water holes to drink. Then they would lie down for a while like cattle do, then go out to the grassy hills to feed again.

"Every day—twice—they did this, thousands and thousands of them. So it came about that they made deep paths from the water holes up

to the open grassy hill-tops. These paths were like a tree with the roots to the water and its far reaching limbs running sometimes for several miles up and back to the highest feeding grounds.

"Always each one of these trails followed the easiest grade from feeding ground to water hole, and the ones leading to the rivers were always old and deeply worn.

"Always they followed either the bottom of the valley or else the exact top of the ridge, and they never left these lines of travel unless they were forced aside by some natural obstacle—then they followed the easiest grade around it and went on.

"Many days, when I was a boy, I watched the long, slow lines of great brown animals follow these trails, while big white clouds, like these above, sailed over the land, and to-day it all comes back to me and I see it again in my mind as I tell it to you.

"In the old days he surely was a great fellow and we had to know all about him, because he

furnished our meat, our houses, our clothes and our beds, as well as many other things, such as dancing drums, rattles, bone implements, grease to mix with our paints, rawhide to make parfleche bags, hair to braid into ropes, gall to make our yellow paint with and sinews to sew with, or to bind our bows, to make them stronger, so they would shoot an arrow clear through any wild animal.

"In the old days, before the country was settled up, the Indians used to keep pretty close to the Buffalo herds as long as they could, though they did not follow them into the south on their fall migrations, nor into the far north feeding grounds when the Buffalo came north in the spring again.

"Each tribe hunted the Buffalo more or less all summer, as the animals were all over the country in the summer, from the Saskatchewan River plains in the north clear down into the Texas Panhandle, though the summer feeding grounds were considered to cover from the Missouri River west to the Rocky Mountain foothills, and from about the Canadian line down to about the Smokey Hill River in the south.

"They were always very plentiful within this area all summer, and then they went south in

the fall, the farthest south limit of the range being Central, our South-Central Mexico.

"In the fall the tribes held their great meat hunts. Then the whole tribe went out and found the herds and killed the Buffalo until they had meat and hides enough to last them through the winter for all the many uses they made of the animals and all parts of them.

"The Indians killed many, many Buffaloes, but they wasted nothing, because from the Buffalo they got such a multitude of things that they were always contented and happy when they could find Buffalo and make a meat-killing run.

"When an Indian killed a Buffalo, his wife took off the skin, cut up the meat, so it could be packed on horseback, and then she brought it home and cut it in thin strips and dried it so it could be kept until it was wanted.

"Next she staked out the hide, or 'robe,' as it was called, flat on the ground, flesh side up, by driving wooden pegs through slits cut in the edge of the hide.

"Then she took a chisel made from a Buffalo bone and went to 'fleshing' the hide by chipping and scraping off all the fat, flesh and greasy fiberous stuff.

"When this was done, she tanned the skin and it was ready to be sewed to others. She finished the job, too, using an awl and a needle, both made of Buffalo bones, and she sewed with sinew thread taken from the great cords and sinews that are found along the backbone of the Buffalo.

"These are much stronger than the finest of white men's thread, so the job of sewing was well done when it was finished and it would likely last longer than the one who sewed it.

"A number of skins were all treated the same way until a teepee of the desired size could be constructed on plans made beforehand.

"A teepee made thus of Buffalo skins sewed with sinews was the only house furnishing needed by the individual, for it was warm and tight, and was well sewed together to resist wind storms. Then it was well kept, so the old-time Indians were always well taken care of in the way of teepees to live in, especially as they lived in dry country where there was little rain to wet the hides after the teepee was made, and leather, as long as it is dry, is almost indestructible.

"So you see that E-ne-nah, old Crooked Horns, the Buffalo, was a great fellow. But now he is gone. The Paleface killed all of them, just for the fun of killing. If the Paleface had acted as the Indian, killing only what he needed, we would still have much wild game and many Buffalo would still roam the plains.

"But I have talked enough of the old days. Each of you has had a story. Run along now, or else old Little Owl will have no stories left for your next visit."

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE OWL HAS A VISITOR.

"There is a strange Indian down at Little Owl's teepee; let's go down and see who it is," said Bobby on the way from school.

In just a few minutes Dorothy and Phyllis got Tommy and Betty Jane ready and they all went down to see their good friend, the old Indian Chief, who lives under the big Maple tree beside the Beaver Pond.

"Hoh! Here are all my friends of the tribe of the Little Robes come to bother me for stories again!" said Little Owl when he saw them.

"You find a stranger-man here in my lodge this time," he added, as he took little Tommy in his arms and went inside the teepee to sit by the fire.

"This man is one of the men of a Far-off-

people and he comes to visit with me here and talk about times before you were born, for he was my friend when we were boys together.

"He is O-man-i-sa, the One-who-wanders. He knows how to tell stories, I think."

Sure enough, he did, and he told them an Indian story about the Ancient Ones. It was called The Boastful Bear.

"A long time ago," said O-man-i-sa, "in the Time of the Beginning, all the tribes of animals and men could talk together. The Bear was always blustering around, telling every one who would listen how big and strong he was and how everybody was very much afraid of him because he was so big and strong.

"He said he could scare anyone and that he was not afraid of anything at all; nobody could scare him in any way, no matter what they did, because he was so big and strong.

" 'You talk with a big noise,' said Siyo, the Prairie Chicken, 'but I am not afraid of you at all and I can scare you very easily.'

"'Hoh!' said Sticky-mouth the Bear, 'who is this brown Grasshopper-eater who says he is not afraid of me? Who is this little helpless one who says he can scare me? I will eat him up.'

"The Bear tried to catch the Prairie Chicken, who flew just out of his reach and then said to him, 'We will go down this path. You go first and I will come and you see if you can scare me; then I will go and you come and I will scare you.'

"The Bear agreed and went down the path and hid. When the chicken came the Bear raised up with a mighty roar and snapped his teeth, but the Prairie Chicken was not a bit frightened.

"Then the Prairie Chicken went down the path and hid in the grass and when the Bear came along he ran under him before the Bear could see him and then he rose in the air from right under the Bear's nose, making a great roaring noise with his wings.

"The Bear was so frightened that he ran howling down the path as fast as he could go, and everybody stood and laughed at him for being so foolish as to be afraid of the wing noise the Prairie Chicken makes when he flies.

"Everybody made so much fun of Sticky-mouth that he never boasted again, for he knew even a little mouse would laugh at him if he did, so

he has been good natured and friendly ever since and now everybody likes him because he is honest."

The children all clapped their hands and asked for more stories.

"All right," said O-man-i-sa, "I will tell you another. This one is a story which shows how it never pays to be selfish. You Little Robes must remember that you must always pay for being greedy.

"Among my people there is a story that shows very nicely how this all works out. I will tell it for you.

"In the Time of the Beginning, when everything was new and different from what it is now, there was a man who owned a very fine robe which he wore all the time because everybody admired it and he liked to have people envious of him.

"One day this man was walking along and he came to a big round boulder on the top of a hill. He sat down on the rock and looked around, for he could see a great distance from there.

"When he got ready to go on he said to the rock, 'I will give you my robe because you have been good to me.' So he spread his robe over the rock and walked on.

"Soon he looked back and saw a big storm coming, so he hurried back and took his robe off the rock, saying, 'You do not need my robe because you have been here a long time in all the storms and storms do not hurt you. I get wet and cold when the rain comes, so I will take back my robe.'

"Then he went away, taking the robe with him and leaving the rock to be rained on.

"Soon he looked back up the hill and saw that the rock was rolling down hill toward him very fast.

"He called to the Bear, who was nearby: 'Brother Sticky-mouth, help me; this rock is going to roll over me!'

"The Bear tried to help him and the rock rolled right over the Bear and killed him. The man ran on.

"Soon he saw the Nighthawk, and he called: 'Brother Pisto, Short-faced-one, help me!'

"So the Nighthawk rushed down out of the sky at the rock, making a mighty noise with his wings and the rock split in half just before it

was going to roll right over the man and crush him. And so it was that the man was saved.

" 'Now,' said Pisto, the Nighthawk, 'let this be a lesson to you and never be selfish again, for if I had not been here with my strong medicine nothing could have saved you from dying under that big rock.' So the man was never selfish again."

The children all liked the sories being told by O-man-i-sa, and loudly clapped their hands.

"Tell us another Indian story," Dot said.

The old man was pleased and began another tale.

"Away back in the time of our Far-back Fathers there was a great Medicine Man called Napi, who was a Servant of the Sun, and always did all the work about the Sun's lodge.

"He lived with the Sun in his own lodge and in some ways he was very wise, while in other ways he was very foolish.

"The Sun had a pair of very soft-tanned buckskin leggins, richly ornamented with many beads and brightly colored Porcupine quills, and Napi

thought these leggins were the finest ones he had ever seen in all his life, so he wanted them very much for himself.

"He told the Sun what he thought about them and asked the Sun to give them to him.

"The Sun thought he would test Napi then and see if he was honest, so he said, 'No, I will not give you my fine leggins, for I want to keep them myself.'

"Napi then wanted those leggins more than ever and kept wishing they were his. When he went to bed that night he did not sleep at all, but watched the Sun to see what he did with the leggins when he went to sleep.

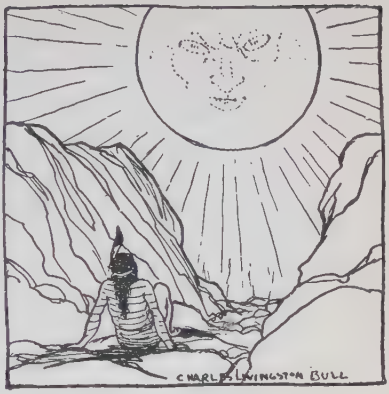
"The Sun left them beside his bed, so Napi got up and stole the leggins and ran away off as fast as he could.

"The next morning before sunrise, Napi hid himself in a valley and went to sleep with the leggins under his head.

"Presently he woke up and there was the Sun standing over him and shining right in his eyes.

" 'Give me my leggins; you cannot steal my leggins and get away,' said the Sun.

"So Napi gave the leggins back to the Sun and was very much ashamed because he had been caught stealing.



"Next night he was back in the Sun's teepee and stole the leggins again, and this time he went twice as far before he went to sleep.

"When he woke up there was the Sun again standing over him and shining in his eyes. The Sun was very angry this time and said:

" 'Napi you are a fool! You cannot steal my leggins and get away, because the whole world is my teepee and you are always inside of it. You do not know enough to steal from me because you do not know as much as a Rabbit. If you steal again, I will do something to punish you.'

"So Napi never stole anything again.

"About this same time, near the Time-of-the-Beginning, there was an Indian woman who had no children of her own. She lived in a big teepee all alone because her husband had been killed in war.

"In the village there were a good many children whose parents had been killed in the wars and they had no one to take care of them, so all the Chiefs decided to ask the widow to let the

children come and live with her in her teepee so she could see that they were fed and clothed and taken care of as children should be.

"The woman was glad to do this, so all the children came to live with her.

"There was one little girl who was sickly and very small. This child was a good deal of trouble to the woman because she was sick most of the time, so the woman did not like her at all and abused her when no one was looking.

"Because she was abused, the little girl cried nearly all the time, and then just because she did not like to hear her cry, the woman made her go out and pick berries and work when she was sick.

"The child could not pick many berries because she was sick, and then the woman beat her for being lazy.

"One day, Doak-a-batl, the Great Medicine Man, saw the woman beating the poor little sick girl, so he stopped and said to the woman: 'Why do you beat this child? What has she done?'

"The woman replied: 'I beat her because she is a very bad child. She will not do what I tell her to. She lies about everything and she runs away and she steals berries to keep from picking them.'

"Doak-a-batl said: 'You are lying to me. I

am Doak-a-batl, the Changer, and I know what you think all the time. Because you have lied to me and because you have abused a sick and helpless child, I am going to punish you. Go up on that mountain and sit down.'

"So the woman went up on the mountain and sat down and then Doak-a-batl changed her into stone and she is there yet for all people to see. I have seen this Stone Woman many times."

The old Indian finished and began smoking his pipe.

"I should like to hear more about the great Medicine Man, who changed the woman into stone," said Bobby, who always had an ear for the unusual.

"Very well," said the old Indian, showing that he was pleased. "This time I shall tell you where the Hummingbird comes from according to the stories of my people.

"In Far-back times, Doak-a-batl, the Great Medicine Man, took a long walk across the country to see how everything was getting along.

"Whenever he found anything wrong he changed it and made it right.

"He found one river running up the hill and pouring into a hole in the top of a big mountain. This was not right, for it was filling the world with water and that would soon empty the ocean. So he changed it around and made it run down hill, and ever since then all rivers have run down hill just as they should, and none can ever run up hill again.

"He traveled on and on and changed many things as he went along, until one day he came to a great woods.

"He walked slowly through the woods and found it a very pretty place, full of fine flowers of many colors.

"While he walked along it began to rain, but Doak-a-batl did not mind that, for he had a fish skin robe to wear and fish skin sheds water, as every one knows.

"He came to a boy dancing and jumping around in the rain, flinging his arms up and down very fast and acting so silly that any one would have to stop and look at him.

" 'What are you doing?' said Doak-a-batl.

" 'I am keeping the rain off,' said the boy. 'I always do this every time it rains to keep from

getting wet. If I did not do this, then I would get as wet in a rain as I would if I fell in a river. That is why I dance this rain dance.'

"'You are so foolish that I cannot let you grow up to be a man. I will change you,' said Doak-a-batl. 'Go and be a Hummingbird instead of a boy and live here in the woods and eat the honey from flowers.'

"So that's how the Hummingbird came to be, and every time it rains you will see him out in it looking for Doak-a-batl to change him back into a boy again. That is what my Father's Father told me about the Hummingbird when I was a little boy, and it is what the Indians believe happened. Doak-a-batl was a very great man."

"Was he the greatest of all in the Far-back Times?" asked Bobby.

The old Chief shook his head. "No," he answered, "there were others greater. Napi was greater."

"Tell us about him!" the children all asked. "Won't you, please?"

"Very well. I will tell you just one more story. I shall tell you a story my Father's Father told me about Napi and the animals.

"Napi was the Sun's servant in the Far-back Times when the Ancient Ones all lived together.

"He had great Medicine Power and could do many things. He took a walk one day and walked to the edge of the mountain, where he sat down beside a spring and looked around. No animals were in sight at all, so he picked up a piece of clay and made some different shapes.

"One shape after another he blew his breath on and said: 'Go and be an animal.'

"After a while he had the Buffalo, the Antelope, Coyote, Wolf, Mountain Sheep, Elk, Bear and many more made and had given each a place to live in.

"The Buffalo he put up in the mountains along with the Antelope and Coyote; the Mountain Sheep he put on the plains, and each animal he put in the wrong place that way, and then started on.

"In a few days the Buffalo came to him and said: 'Grandfather, you did not give me the right place to live in. The stones wear out my hoofs and there is no grass.'

"The Mountain Sheep said he could find no

moss out on the plains and that his hoofs grew too fast if there were no rocks to wear them out. Everything was all out of place and wrong.

"The Antelope complained because he was in the mountains and could get no grass.

"The Coyote said he could find no mice to eat and he would starve if he had to stay.

"The Badger said he could not dig among the rocks of the mountains and wanted to move down to the plains.

"The Bear was out on the plains and said he could not find any fish or fat grubs or honey there at all.

"The Elk wanted to live in the foothills where he could go up in the mountains in summer and down on the plains in winter.

"The Prairie Dog must have clay ground to dig in, and so it went with all.

"So Napi studied about it awhile, and then changed all the animals all about until he got them placed like they are now and then everybody was satisfied and has been ever since.

"And that's how the animals all came to be. My Father's Father told me this story when I was a very small boy.

"Now you have heard enough stories from one old man. Run along home, you Little Robes, and let me visit with my friend, Little Owl."

CHAPTER IV.

ENAPOO BUILDS HIS WINTER HOME.

Kiki, the Blue Jay, is always hunting trouble. If he can't find it, he makes it some way.

He was slipping like a ghost among the leafy treetops of the little woods that cover the hillside, when he looked out and saw Enapoo, the Muskrat, swimming across the Beaver Pond right in front of the teepee of Little Owl.

Kiki began to yell at the top of his voice, as he always does, and he told all the Little Outdoor People about Enapoo as plainly as you could have done.

Of course Little Owl understands Kiki just as well as he does anybody else, so he said, "Listen! Kiki, the Blue Jay has seen something and he tells everybody about it. Let us see what it is."

He got up from his seat on the bearskin and took Betty Jane and Tommy by the hand so they wouldn't fall, and all the children followed him outside through the teepee door.

It was late in the afternoon, the sun was low and soon it would be night.

Right in front of the teepee Enapoo, the Muskrat, was swimming along on his way to the Bullrush patch.

"Hoh!" said the Old Indian. "There is what that fellow Kiki sees! Watch Enapoo. He is going to get his dinner."

So Phyllis and Bobby and Elizabeth Anne and William and Betty Jane stood there beside Tommy and Dorothy and Old Chief Little Owl and they all watched the Muskrat swim in among the Bullrushes and dive right out of sight!

Right away a Bullrush stem began to wiggle and then over it went and Enapoo popped up again with the Bullrush stem in his mouth!

"Now he eats his dinner," said Chief Little Owl. "He eats only the white, lower end of the Bullrush, so he will have to dive a good many times to get more because there is only a little of the lower end of each stalk that he likes."

Kiki, the Blue Jay, had seen Little Owl and the children and had already gone screaming off

among the trees, telling all the Little Outdoor People to run and trying to scare them out of a week's growth, as he always does over nothing at all.

Enapoo finished his dinner, then he dived out of sight and swam away.

"He goes now to his house over in the Cattail swamp back of where the Beaver lives," said the Old Indian. "From now on we shall see him many times during the day, though he is really a night animal.

"In the Autumn he travels about in daylight a great deal, for he is busy eating and getting as fat as he can so he can sleep part of the time and still keep warm in his house in the swamp when winter comes."

"I think he has started to build his house where he will live this winter over in the Cattail swamp. Let us go and see."

So the Old Indian got his canoe and put all the children in it very carefully; then he paddled across the Beaver Pond and out among the Cattails on the other side. There he stopped.

"Now you must be just as still as can be, so you won't frighten Enapoo, and we can watch him work," said Little Owl. "But if you make even the least bit of noise or say even one word or rock the canoe just the least little bit, then Enapoo will dive and swim away under water to one of the den holes he has under the Cattail roots on the shore of the swamp. You must be very, very still to see him at work."

So they all sat still as little mice and they saw the Muskrat come and dig up reeds, or cut them off under water with his sharp teeth, and then take the heavy end in his mouth and swim to his new house, dragging the rushes behind him.

Sometimes he had to dive under something that was in the way, but he always got to his new house with the rush stalk and there he fixed it into position to help make a round mound of rushes. Inside of this he built a little room that would be his winter home.

"Every day he will work away here at building his house almost like the Beaver does, only he uses rushes and reeds and hardly any sticks or stones for building material, though he brings mud from the pond bottom to plaster it with just as the Beaver does," said Little Owl when

they had gotten tired of sitting still and had slowly paddled the canoe away.

"After a while he will have his house high enough and thick enough to be above the water and to keep out the cold just as the Beaver does. Then he will live there, going out after his food by swimming under water to where he can get to the clams and different roots he must find to live on.

"Because Enapoo can hold his breath a long time, he is a great diver and he swims very fast under water with his big webbed feet, so he gets along all right.

"Now we will paddle around a bit and see if we do not see some signs left by Enapoo."

Chief Little Owl paddled his canoe without taking his paddle out of the water at all and he does not make even the least bit of noise with it, so that the canoe just glides along as though it is running all by itself.

It does not scare the fishes, so you can look down into the clear water and see the trout swim-

ming in the pond, and sometimes you can see a big sucker or a crawfish or a water puppy or some kind of bug that lives in the water.

"Oh, there's a pretty shell right there on that mossy log," said Dorothy, pointing to an old water-soaked log that lay in the water in the edge of the Cattails.

"That is a muscle shell or fresh water clam," said Chief Little Owl, as he steered the canoe over toward it. "Now look down in the water under that old log where that shell is and tell me what you see."

"Oh, there are just lots and lots of shells," said Phyllis.

"Yes, sir, whole heaps of 'em," said Betty Jane.

"How do you 'spose they got there?" Phyllis asked.

"That log is one of the several eating places of Enapoo, the Muskrat," said Chief Little Owl. "If you could be right close here on a bright moonlight night, you would see Enapoo come and climb up to this log with a clam in his mouth.

"He would sit up on his haunches like a squirrel does when he eats nuts and he would open the clam with his long front teeth. Then he'd eat the clam out of the shell and drop the shell.

"He always brings his clams to some place like

this to eat them, so in time the discarded shells make quite a pile on the bottom because they all sink, being too heavy to float.

"The Muskrat keeps this up season after season, always eating his clams at the same eating places, like this one, so it does not take a great while to build quite a shell heap.

"When the trappers find these feeding places they set their traps right where Enapoo will get into them when he comes to eat his clam dinner. That's one way Enapoo gets caught.

"Then the trapper kills him, takes his skin, and it is sent away to the city to be made into a fur coat.

"It makes a much finer coat right on Enapoo, for it fits him exactly and is so thick that it keeps him warm and dry even when he swims under water in the winter time."

It was a warm, beautiful Indian summer day; birds were chirping and hunting food among the bushes that grew on the hillside, and the fat gray squirrel was eating a few early hazelnuts. It

was a glorious day and Little Owl decided to paddle around a little more. He paddled over near the shore.

"Now," said Little Owl, "I will show you the Wapato and how it grows."

Little Owl pulled up some bright green leaves with long stems that grew in the soft wet mud at the edge of the pond.

"This plant is the Wapato. Palefaces often call it the Duck Potato because the ducks are so fond of these little bulbs that grow on the roots. It is one of the things that wild ducks like best to eat and they know where all the Wapato patches are for miles around.

"See what pretty leaves it has, just like big arrow heads, and these funny little things on this tall stem are the seed pods that come after the white flowers are gone. Next summer we will see it in bloom."

"Oh, look! There's a Muskrat!" cried Phyllis.

A Muskrat was swimming across the pond, pulling a Cattail stalk along with him on his way to do a little more building on his new house.

"Yes, and there is a great enemy of his, the big brown Hawk," said Chief Little Owl. "Watch them and see what happens now."

The big brown Hawk came sailing along out

over the Beaver Pond and when he was right above the swimming Muskrat, he folded his big wings and dropped down like a falling plummet, right at Enapoo.

It looked as though he was surely going to catch his prey, but just before he got down the Muskrat let go of the Cattail and dived under water as quick as you could wink, so the big Hawk spread his long wings and swept back up again before he reached the water.

"He pretty nearly got Enapoo that time! Enapoo has good eyes and he is very quick, so the Hawk hardly ever catches one of them," said Little Owl.

"That is the way of the Little People of the Wild Places, each one lives his own life; some eat plants and some of them eat their neighbors, so they all have to be ready to run any time, for none of them are ever free from danger from the very day they are born.

"I think we have been out long enough. Besides, Enapoo is frightened now and we will see him no more to-day. You can come again to-

morrow and then we will learn more about that sly fellow," and Little Owl turned his canoe shoreward, though of course the children were not ready to leave.

The next morning, when the sun came up, there was white frost on the grass and it shone and sparkled just like diamonds when the children looked toward the sun on their way down to see Little Owl and hear more about Enapoo.

The water of the Beaver Pond looked as though it were smoking all over, so Betty Jane said they would have to ask Chief Little Owl about it.

The Old Indian was sitting in his teepee beside the fire smoking his long pipe when they got there, but he came out and stood in the sunshine beside them when Betty Jane asked him what made the Beaver Pond smoke.

"That isn't smoke; it is fog," said the Old Chief. "When the air gets colder than the water, as it does on frosty mornings like this one, and the sun strikes the water as it climbs up, then the fog always rises like smoke from the lake because of the difference in temperature of water and air.

"That is what makes fog hang over the water on cold mornings, and it is how the clouds get the vapor they are made of. This fog vapor is always lighter than air, so it all floats away in

the breeze and soon makes a big cloud.

"On such mornings, Enapoo, the Muskrat, spends much time sitting in the sun in some sheltered spot. There is one over there on the old log where the clam shell pile is—see him?" asked Little Owl, as he pointed.

Sure enough, there was Enapoo, sitting in a place where the fog did not hide the warm morning sun, and he was busy combing and smoothing the pretty brown coat he wears.

They all stood and watched him while he licked at his fur with his tongue and smoothed it nicely first with one little black front foot and then with the other as he sat up like a cat.

Sometimes he used his broad, black webbed hind feet as a comb for his fur.

Quite a little while he sat there fixing his warm coat all smooth and slick, then all at once he slipped into the water and started swimming out into the Beaver Pond.

Half way across he suddenly disappeared.

"He goes to his house to take a nap now," said

Little Owl. "He has been working all night and now he has to get some rest, so he is going straight home and go to sleep.

"Enapoo works and eats at night, so there are many things we can not see him do, but which we know he does do by the plain signs he leaves behind, for he is an honest fellow who is not ashamed of anything he does.

"We shall go and visit Enapoo, and see how he is getting along with his new house by this time," said Little Owl.

"Be very careful now and step right in the very center of the canoe when you get in, or it will tip and throw you out in the lake," he said, as he pushed his canoe into the water and told them to get in.

"You see how light a canoe is and how easily it tips. You must always remember to step exactly in the middle and then sit down flat on the bottom and keep your hands off the sides and then it will never tip over.

"Many people do not know this and they get tipped out into the water and some are drowned just because they do not know how to do as I've just told you," said the old Indian, as he stepped in and shoved the canoe away from the shore with his paddle.

Enapoo Builds His Winter Home

In a few minutes he had paddled silently across the Beaver Pond and pushed the canoe out into the Cattail patch where Enapoo had been steadily at work for several days building his new winter house.

"He has finished his work and now we have a new house on the marsh," said Little Owl.

"All winter it will stand here like a little island in the pond and when the frost kills the rushes you will be able to see Enapoo's house plainly from my teepee.

"You notice it has good thick walls to keep out the cold and all the rushes are plastered together with mud so that the winds can't blow them away. Notice that they hang down from the top to make the water run off well. Don't you think Enapoo is a pretty wise little fellow to do all these things?

"If you could look inside of this heap of mud and rushes, you would see a warm, cozy room like a nest all lined with dry grass; that is where he sleeps with his family when cold winter days come.

"Cold weather makes many of the animals

sleepy and then they curl up and sleep until it gets warm again. Some of them sleep all winter and some only when the very cold weather comes. Enapoo is one of these, for he sleeps in his house when the cold days come and he wakes up and goes out hunting under the water for roots and clams to eat when the warm days wake him up. He gets along very well because he always builds his house where he can find plenty to eat close by.

"He swims about hunting his food or working mostly at night, but he is not cowardly and we will be able to see him many times in daylight and thus learn a lot about him. But now he is taking a nap, and we won't bother him."

Little Owl pushed the canoe away from the rushes and nearly all morning he paddled the children around over the Beaver Pond And what a time they did have! Indeed, they were late to their noonday meal, but the children forget all about food when they are with Little Owl.

CHAPTER V.

ENA, THE BUSY BEAVER.

All the children of the neighborhood had gathered at the teepee of the old Indian Chief, Little Owl, who sat by his door in the warm sunshine of a fine October day.

"Tell us a story! Tell us about the Beaver Chief," said Tommy, as the old man spread his blanket on the ground for them to sit on.

"Hoh, Little Robes, listen then; I will tell you of Ena, the Beaver Chief. It is this way," the old fellow replied, as he looked at the mud and stick house the Beaver had just finished building out in the swamp across the Beaver Pond.

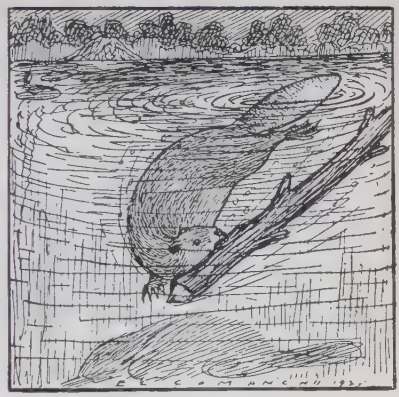
"The Beaver Chief is very wise and he knows many things that men can only guess about. He knows when winter is coming early and when it

is coming late, and he cuts his wood to fit the winter. But he does not cut it to burn, for he eats cottonwood and willow bark all the time, no matter whether the Coldmaker freezes the water in the Beaver Pond or not.

"He uses his long, sharp teeth to cut down the trees, and about the time the leaves turn red and yellow in the fall the Beaver Chief swims every night across his pond to the cottonwood grove and cuts away at a tree with his teeth.

"He cuts deepest and lowest on the side next to the water so the tree will fall toward, or into, the water. He can cut it into small pieces much easier then.

"He does not cut many trees in the summer, but when the Coldmaker blows his breath down from the North, then the Beaver Chief goes to work, for he knows the Whistlers will soon race across the sky on the Coldmaker's frozen breath, and when they do it is time for the little wild people to be in bed, for the Whistlers make everything very cold. When the water freezes up tight, then the Beaver Chief cannot swim and float his little logs and sticks to the place where he wants to fasten them down in the mud of the pond bottom so he can get them to cut the bark off of when he needs food in the winter.



"When the Coldmaker sends the Whistlers to freeze all the water, then the Beaver Chief and all his family sleep inside their house nearly all the time.

"They are all dressed in nice warm fur robes and they curl up and go to sleep all together in that little mud house you see out there in the pond. They are just as snug and warm as can be, so they don't mind the Coldmaker or the Whistlers at all.

"When a warm, sunny day comes, then they wake up and want something to eat, so they dive into the deep water under the ice of the Beaver Pond and swim away to the place where all the little logs are stored on the muddy bottom of the pond. They bring one up out of the water and eat off all the bark and then they are not hungry any more.

"You see, the Beaver builds a dam to hold back the water and make his pond if he lives on a little stream, as he does here; otherwise, the water would be so shallow it would freeze clear to the bottom when cold weather comes. Then

the Beaver could not get to his supply of logs and, of course, he could not get any bark to eat, so he would starve to death.

"The Beaver knows he must have water deep enough so it will not freeze solid to the bottom; therefore, he builds a good stout dam across the stream and holds the water back to make his pond. The dam is high enough to make the water as deep as he needs it, and then after it is built all the Beavers watch it and keep it built up strong and firm as long as they live in that place.

"When anything goes wrong and the water overflows and washes the dam away or breaks a hole in it and lets the water out, then the Beavers hurry right to the break and they carry mud, sticks, stones or anything they can find to help build it up again, or at least stop the leak.

"They put in new sticks and many of the little peeled logs from which they have eaten all the good bark. Then they pack mud and stones on top of the sticks and around them until they get the dam made high enough and strong enough to hold back all the water they need to make a nice deep pond.

"Then all the Beavers that live in that pond watch the dam day and night.

"If you want to see how quickly they find out when anything gets wrong with the dam, just dig a hole through it some day so it will leak and see how quickly a Beaver will come right there and examine the break and carry the news to the rest so they can come and fix it!"

"Now," Little Owl continued, "how do you suppose Ena, the Beaver, carries mud and stones to his dam to fix the leak?"

"Oh, I know! He carries them on his tail and he uses his tail to spread the mud; it said so in a book I read," said Bobby.

"No, he does not do that at all," said Little Owl. "Palefaces should not tell you such things in books, because they are wrong.

"The Beaver carries his mud, or small stones, by pressing the stuff he wants to carry up against his under jaw and chin with his fore leg while he swims. Sometimes he uses both fore legs to hold it, but usually he uses only one and he carries quite good sized pieces of clay, mud or stone that way, too.

"When he gets to the broken place in the dam he puts his load down at the best place to stop the leak and then he tramples it with his broad webbed feet and sometimes he pushes it with his nose. Anyway, he gets it all packed in some place so it won't wash away, and then he hurries off after another load.

"While he is doing this every other Beaver in that pond is working to help stop the leak.

"Some carry stones, some carry thick mud, and some bring sticks, and they all work together just as fast as they can until the broken place is fixed, and it doesn't take them long to finish it, either."

"Don't they really spread the mud with their tails?" Bobby asked.

"No, Little Robes, they trample the mud with their feet and pack it into place that way. They never use their tails for such work.

"They use their tails to steer with and to help them keep their balance in the water when they swim, and they use them to lean against when they stand on their hind legs to cut down trees. They also slap their tails on the water to make a loud noise like you'd make if you slapped a small flat board on the water, and this is done to alarm all the Beavers if any one of them scents or sees danger.

"Now when a family of little Beaver kittens grow up into big Beavers they can't all stay in the old Beaver house with their father and mother any longer, for the house isn't big enough for all of them.

"So the young Beavers leave and swim off somewhere else and pretty soon they all find a place to build their own new house.

"When they get ready to build, they pick out a place where the water is deep enough and then then bring sticks and mud and long rushes and grasses to build the house, and they bring mud and small stones and pile on some of these things to start the building.

"Then they pile on more weeds, long grass, sticks, cattails and everything to build it higher.

"They keep doing this until they build their new dome-shaped house three or four feet above the water, with walls thick enough to keep out the cold.

"Inside of this hollow pile is a nice room all lined with grass piled up on a little floor of its

own that is above the water, and here is where they live.

"In the top they leave a loose place in the dome so the air can get through and this gives them ventilation, so they build a real house, you see.

"They get in through a hole in the floor and this hole opens into water deep enough not to freeze in the coldest weather.

"It is through this hole that they dive and swim away to where their food is stored when winter locks the Beaver Pond up tight under the ice.

"That will be all about the Beaver to-day. Come again in a few days and I'll tell you another Beaver story. Soon the Coldmaker will blow his breath and we will have more to learn of what I have told you."

One morning a few days later Phyllis and Dorothy tumbled out of bed and looked through a frosty window pane.

It was cold outdoors; the wind was blowing from the north and the ground was dusted over with snow.

"Oh, let's go down and sit by the fire in Little Owl's teepee and get him to tell us a winter story! Let's!" said Dorothy.

So they got a nice warm breakfast, then put on their coats and bundled up good and warm,

all ready to go. Then Bobby came and they got Betty Jane and Tommy, but they had to leave Elizabeth Anne and William because they were too little to go out when it was so cold.

Away they ran down the path, racing with the dancing leaves all the way to the teepee of Little Owl.

"Hoh!" said Little Owl, as they came in. "The Coldmaker blows his breath and makes a big cold wind and the water is frozen in the Beaver Pond. The Beaver will sleep most of the time until it gets warm again next spring.

"The ducks have been flying south for a week and now comes this big wind from the lodge of the Coldmaker. The Beaver eats a big meal to-day and then he curls up in his house and goes to sleep, but he does not sleep like the Bear, for he wakes up every little while and eats more bark.

"The Bear goes to sleep when it turns cold and he sleeps right through the cold weather and wakes up only when spring comes, but the Beaver only dozes along, half asleep most of the time,

but awake enough to know what he is doing any time.

"If a trapper thinks he's asleep and tries to chop a hole in the Beaver's house and catch him, he will find the Beaver will dive into the water and swim away in a hurry.

"When he has to do something like this, the Beaver swims under water until he gets to a place where there is some air hole in the ice and he stays there until it is safe to go back to his house again.

"The Beaver does not mind the cold water, as he has such a fine warm fur coat that the water doesn't touch his skin at all, but only just wets the outside of his fur. He stays nice and warm in spite of the cold.

"If anyone chops a hole in the Beaver house even in the winter, the Beaver will dive down and bring up mud and stones from the bottom and patch the hole again, for the mud freezes hard almost as fast as the Beaver brings it up and puts it on the house wall. So you see he is all right, for he knows what to do to help himself, and every Paleface should know that much, too."

"May we skate on the Beaver Pond yet?" asked Dorothy.

"We shall see about that," said the old Chief,

as he led the way down to the pond.

Carefully he stepped out on the ice, first with one moccasined foot and then with the other. The ice didn't break a bit, so he took a heavy club and pounded it hard, but it didn't even crack. Next he took the big knife that he carries in its sheath on his belt and he dug through the ice to be sure it was safe. It was almost three inches thick.

"Yes, you can skate on the Beaver Pond now without breaking through," he said.

"Come—we will go and visit the Beaver house and see what we see. Walk as quietly as you can and maybe we will find the Beaver asleep."

So everybody tippy-toed along over the smooth ice, following Little Owl and making no noise because they had on rubber-soled overshoes to keep their feet warm.

Out in the middle of the pond fat little Dorothy slipped and fell down, but that didn't matter.

Pretty soon they got to the Beaver house and stood very still. Little Owl still had his big club.

"Now everybody watch through the ice and

maybe you will see the Beaver swim away," he whispered.

Then he raised his club and struck the Beaver house a hard blow and all the children heard the Beavers dive into the water through the hole in the Beaver house floor and saw them swim away under the ice like big black shadows, for Little Owl had scared them out of a sound sleep!

"Now we shall go back," said Little Owl. "You can skate a while, then come back tomorrow, and we shall see what kind of a story we can find to tell you."

For an hour or two the chilrden stayed on the pond, and Ena, the Beaver, had a rather hard time of it because the children just couldn't stay away from his house.

CHAPTER VI.

MASHTO, THE CROW, GOES SCOUTING.

When the children were ready to go down and see Little Owl, they all bundled up in coats and overshoes and furs and then away they trotted off down the snow covered path which follows the fence and runs under the big oak tree where Ski-boo, the Squirrel lives during the winter months.

Just now he was snug in his den in the hollow limb where the cold could not injure him and there he curled up with his bushy tail wrapped up over his nose and ears and he was sound asleep and would not wake up until the weather got warmer, for that is the way he gets through all his winter troubles and does not have to shiver around in the cold.

Little Owl, the old Indian Chief, was just as

snug as could be in his tight teepee under the big maple tree beside the frozen Beaver Pond where he smoked killikinick in his long stone pipe while he reclined on the big bear skin before the little fire in the center of his lodge.

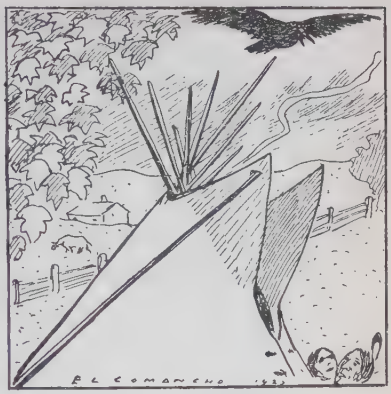
The wind wall hung from the teepee poles behind him keeps all the cold air from coming into the lodge and forces it to follow up along the walls to the smoke hole in the top where the warm air goes out of his outdoor house along with the smoke, so he is just as snug as any one could be, no matter if the cold wind does howl among the bare limbs overhead.

It had snowed for three hours during the night, the first snow fall of the season, and the cold spell had come earlier than usual and many of the wild things were caught unprepared.

Mashto, the Crow Chief, found that the snow and cold together had closed the usual sources of food for his tribe and they would go hungry if the cold lasted very long so he went out on a searching expedition to see if he could locate new feeding grounds.

"Ah, Mashto, the Crow Chief, has to find more food for his tribe because the snow has covered up their regular feeding places," said Little Owl, when he came to the teepee door to greet the

children and saw Mashto fly over the teepee, cawing and scolding as he went by.



"I expect all his people will be hungry for a day or so because it is hard to find feed when it is all covered up with snow and frozen into the ground.

"But Mashto and his people eat almost anything they can find in the way of food, so they will have less trouble to find something than some of the other birds.

"The hawks and owls will be able to get along for they feed on small birds and such live things as field mice, gophers and other very small animals which do not hibernate but run around all winter on top of the snow and in the tiny tunnels they dig under the snow.

"The Robins go south, but the Flickers, Blue Jays, Crows, Horned Larks, Chicadees and a few other birds stay right here and get along as nicely as ever. All they have to do is to change their bill of fare.

"Mashto, the Crow Chief, is no fool. He knows that all his people have very active appetites and

he has to find good feeding grounds to show them.

"When snow covers the ground and a freezing cold spell comes at the same time, then famine days come for the wild birds and they must know where to find food, for they die quickly unless they have plenty to eat. Birds, unlike the animals, cannot go long without food.

"So Mashto, the Crow Chief, goes scouting for his tribe, just to find new feeding grounds, and he knows where to look.

"If we watch the crows now we shall learn much about their ways. They must find food quickly, and plenty of it, else they will be forced to travel south without delay to get out of the snow zone.

"I think we will find Mashto and his tribe wise enough to stay and get their living here in spite of the cold.

"Mashto calls his people to come and then leads them to the corn fields where he has found plenty to eat among the corn stalks and his people are all well fed and happy because of this.

"You see, when the farmer shucks his corn he drives his wagon through the field and picks the corn out of the husks and throws the big yellow ears into his wagon as he goes along.

Mashto, The Crow, Goes Scouting

"Always a few grains shell off of the cob here and there; the wagon wheels run over an ear once in a while and there are many nubbins left in every field.

"Now the people of Mashto like most everything and if they can eat grain for a few days they will be happy as anybody. They usually eat only a little grain and much prefer softer food such as worms, soft new buds and vegetable shoots of one kind and another. They also eat any insect or piece of soft garbage they can get hold of, for they are great scavengers as well as hunters.

"Just now they are glad to get the grain left to waste in the fields, so Mashto leads his people to the cornfields where they search all about among the cornstalks for the loose grains of corn and the small nubbins which were left behind when the harvesting was done.

"So the people of Mashto manage to get on very well in spite of the snow and cold.

"Many people who give up in discouragement when trouble comes could learn something from

the Crow people if they watched them. The Crow never gives up.

"Mashto is nobody's fool. He has learned to watch on all sides at once for danger. This is because most everyone is his enemy.

"You see he has a bad habit or two mixed in with several good ones and people are always ready to see faults and they forget all the good things the Crow people do and remember only the bad things and this makes them kill the Crows every chance they get.

"Crows pull up new growing corn in the spring to eat the soft grain just after it sprouts. They eat bird's eggs when they find them, too, and they do not hesitate to kill and eat the little birds when they get a chance.

"They even kill little chickens if they can get to them without too much trouble, so you see they do several things which make people want to kill them.

"We forget that they also eat field mice, moles, gophers and insects just as quickly as they eat young birds or chickens or eggs, and we also forget that where they eat one bird they eat ten mice or other destructive rodents.

"We forget the garbage they clean up and remember only the few hills of corn they destroy.

So everybody says 'kill the Crows!' and it is done everywhere, more shame to mankind for a foolish, unthinking tribe! He is that way in all things."

Little Owl talked on and on while the cold north wind whistled through the bare and crackling limbs of the old maple tree overhead. The cold northerly storm was still rattling through the leafless trees and filling the air with a mournful sound.

The children sat on the big bearskin with their feet to his cozy fire and listened while he told them all about the ways of that cunning black rascal, Mashto.

"Mashto has led his people to the fields where they are finding plenty of food," said Little Owl, "but Mashto himself, instead of going into the field to eat with his tribe, sits on top of the nearest high tree where he can see in every direction and there keep good watch while his people eat.

"When they get through then they watch while Mashto eats and so they manage to get along very well. But Mashto lives with a price on his

head all the time and has no protection save his own wits.

"The way he has to live shows us that among men it is easy to remember all the evil things said about one and to forget all the good he does. People are always ready to condemn instead of applaud."

The wind outside began to howl louder and the storm grew worse. Little Owl arose and went to the door to look out.

"Come, Little Robes, I will take you home."

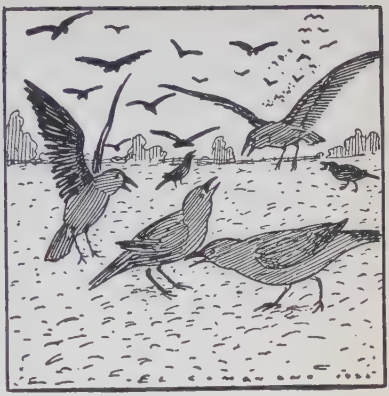
"Oh no!" protested Bobby. "I want to hear more."

"Not now. Your father and mother will be worried. To-morrow, perhaps, you can come back and maybe we will hear more of Mashto."

Two days later the storm had passed and the children were able to get out doors again.

"Let's go down to Little Owl's teepee and get him to tell us more about the Crows," said Dorothy, who is always interested in everything the old Indian Chief has to say about the creatures of the wilderness.

"You call Bobbie while I get little Tommy and Betty Jane into their coats and we'll go; hurry up now Phyllis—you know how slow you are most of the time!"



Bobbie came by the time the others were ready and then away they went down along the fence. They could not go very fast because the snow was nearly all melted off again and the frozen ground was thawing out, making it as slippery as though it had been oiled.

Of course little Tommy had to fall down and get all over mud and they all had to stop and clean him off before they could go on.

After a while they got down to Little Owl's teepee under the big Maple. The old Chief stood outside the teepee looking at the weather signs.

"It is going to be warm again for a while now," he said. "Es-to-ne-pesta, the Coldmaker, has gone back north and we shall have no more snow and ice for one moon more and then winter will come in earnest."

"How do you know these things, Little Owl?" Bobbie asked, for he knew that the old Indian could always tell several days ahead just what the weather would be and that it always turned out just as he said it would.

"The animals and birds always know and they tell me. I read the signs," said the old man.

"Now there is Mashto, the Crow Chief, he has moved his people out of the cornfields again and already they are scattered all over the land in little groups of from three or four up to a dozen, depending on the feeding conditions.

"If it were going to be cold for very long they would all go much further south and stay until the weather was better, but you see they come back to summer feeding grounds instead so they know it will be warm for a good long time yet and that this snow was only a flurry which will not last.

"If you would learn to know anything in this world you must first learn how to think, and to do this you must be observing. When you see anything you must reason out why it is as you see it. In that way you soon get to know a great deal without asking questions and the longer you live the more you will learn.

"Now look out over the fields and you will see how Mashto does the same thing.

"You see he has brought his tribe back to their summer feeding grounds where they can all have plenty to eat until frost and snow lock up the ground and cover the food.

"Mashto has found out all that because he has learned to know that plenty of good food can be had in certain places while the weather is warm but that as soon as it gets cold this supply will be shut off and he acts accordingly.

"He watches the weather and moves his tribe as the weather changes. You should learn how to know what the weather will be by the signs you see before the change comes. Then you will always be ready and will get along as easily as Mashto does. He always manages to have good hunting for his tribe because he thinks ahead and is ready when he has to act.

"Some other day I may tell you about some bird or animal which you think far more interesting, but I doubt if I can ever tell you about one that is wiser. A-a-yah! He is a wise old bird, this Mashto, the Crow Chief. He has learned that to live one must be wise. Aye, that is wisdom."

CHAPTER VII.

QUITCHADDY, THE RABBIT, IS DISCOVERED.

The ground was white with an early Fall snow when Phyllis and Dorothy looked out of the window on getting up out of bed.

"Oh, let's go and slide on our sled!" said Dorothy, who always has something she wants to do.

So they dressed and had breakfast, then they "yoo-hooed" for Betty and Tommy and away they went, Bobby joining them at the gate.

Half way to the sliding hill they found some tracks in the new snow.

"Let's follow them and see what made them," said Bobby, which is exactly like a boy. But the others were interested too and they forgot all about sliding down hill and followed the tracks, which led them around among the grass tufts

and little bushes that grew on the hillside. Then they went across a potato field and started toward the little woods that covers the slope above the teepee of Little Owl.

"Let's go down to Little Owl's teepee and get him to come and see these tracks and tell us about them. He will know what made them," said Phyllis.

So they all scampered away to find the old Indian.

When they got there he was just coming out of the door of his teepee to go up on the hillside after some wood for his fire.

"Tell us what made these funny little tracks in the snow, will you please, Little Owl?" Bobby asked.

"Hoh!" said the old Chief. "Now you find tracks in the snow to bother me about! You Little Robes do not let me rest at all! Well, let us take a look at the tracks and see what they mean."

"Why, these are the tracks of Quitchaddy, the

little Cottontail Rabbit," said Little Owl when they had led him to the tracks. "With his tracks he tells us what he does in the night. Let us follow and see what he has been doing."

They followed the little trail, plainly marked in the new snow.

"He came out in the night after the snow stopped falling," said Little Owl. "He was looking for his supper. He found plenty of things to eat and then started home, but he did not hurry. See, he stopped every little way to look and to listen as he went along, for he is very timid. A big cat tried to catch him here, but he jumped out of the way and ran. See the tracks of the cat?"

"I read these things as he writes them in the signs of his tracks. Some day I will tell you how to read all the signs. Now look out! We will find him close by, for the tracks are very fresh and he is getting ready to go—"

"Oh, there he goes! There he goes!" said Phyllis, as she pointed to the Rabbit running as hard as he could go for the woods.

"Yes; he will go to the woods to hide, for it is his time to sleep now," said Little Owl. "We will try and find out more about him. Let us go back along his tracks and see all that hap-

pened to him during the night."

The tracks twisted and turned around through the garden in every direction where the Rabbit had wandered during the night.

"Look! He stopped and ate some carrots here; see the marks of his teeth?" said Bobby.

Sure enough, there was the story of how and where he had eaten at least a part of his supper; anybody could see that much if he just looked.

"Here's where he sat up on his hind legs, see?" said Phyllis, as she pointed to the tracks left by his hind feet where Quitchaddy had sat up to look about.

"Here's where he got scared and ran. See how far it is between his tracks here and how he was scratching into the ground with his hind feet? See? You can tell he was running just as easy as anything."

So they went along, following the trail left by Quitchaddy in the night to advertise his doings to anyone who would follow him the next day.

Presently the track went under the wire fence

and out across the meadow toward the woods above the Beaver Pond, so the children and Little Owl followed it along.

The old Indian smiled and said, "Hoh! You Little Robes will be great hunters some day, for already you are learning to read the Sings of the Wilderness. When you watch the Little People a long time so you know how they live, then you can follow a track and easily learn all about what has happened just by what you see in the signs.

"Before you can do this you must learn to know the weather and you must learn to remember what the weather was yesterday and you must be able to guess what it will be to-morrow.

"Run along home now, for I must get my firewood. Come again to-morrow and we shall find out more about Quitchaddy, the Rabbit."

Another light snow came in the night, dusting the world with white and covering up the tracks that everything had made in the first fall.

"Let's go down to Little Owl's teepee and get him to tell us more about the Rabbit. Come on, Tissy, let's go right away," said Dorothy, as she hunted her overshoes.

Soon they were dressed and then got Betty

Jane and Tommy and "yoo-hooed" for Bobby.

They had to go on without Elizabeth Anne and William, as they were too little to go out in the snow.

"Let us go and see what Quitchaddy, the Rabbit, was doing last night," said Little Owl when they reached his teepee.

So they all went up on the hillside near the woods, where they soon found Quitchaddy's tracks in the snow.

"Quitchaddy stayed in the woods until after the snow stopped falling. See, his track has no snow in it, so it was made after the storm was over," said Little Owl, as he went along, following the tracks.

"Here he heard a noise, so he stopped to sit up on his hind feet and listen. See how his tracks show what he did?

"Here he stopped and smelled of the wild rose seed pods, but did not eat, therefore he was not so very hungry. If he had been very hungry, he would have eaten these seed pods, for they are good food when one is hungry.

"Here he goes now, straight for the garden patch to see what he can find for supper.

"Now something has happened to frighten him, for his tracks stop short. Let us see what it is.

"Now he turns off to the side and he runs as hard as he can; see how he has thrown the dirt and snow out of his tracks? He was badly frightened and trying to get away when he made tracks like that. Let us follow and find out what frightened him.

"Hoh! No wonder he ran! See this big dog track coming in here from the side? See how he was running as hard as he could, too? Here the dirt and snow are flung out of both tracks by the toe nails of the animals, showing that they were both trying to run at top speed.

"The only reason for such signs would be that the dog was trying to catch Quitchaddy."

They followed the tracks clear to the woods and Little Owl told them all about what had happened just by what he saw in the tracks, so they knew that a big dog had chased the Rabbit and nearly caught him, but that he had reached the woods just in time to get away.

"That was a great adventure for Quitchaddy," said Little Owl, "and if you can read signs you

find in tracks you will know that much goes on in the wilds that you cannot see but you can learn about nevertheless, just as you learned about the Rabbit from his tracks. Come, let us go down to the teepee and sit by the fire."

From the garden they went down to the old Indian's teepee by the Beaver Pond.

"Tell us more about the Rabbit, please do, Little Owl," said Dorothy, as they sat down on the skins about the fire in the teepee.

"Quitchaddy is a very timid fellow who runs away at the least sign of danger," said Little Owl, "but still he likes to stay right around where people are, too. He eats carrots, cabbage and many other vegetables and is fond of new green shoots and sprouts of many kinds.

"He is very fond of apples and likes a taste of other fruits also. In the winter, when food is harder to get, he will gnaw all the bark off of young apple trees and of some other varieties as well. This kills the trees and makes the farmer try to kill every rabbit he can find.

"He feeds and travels at night and sleeps in the daytime, usually out in the open field where he backs up into a thick bunch of grass and makes a nest or form for himself just as cozy as can be.

"His coat matches the color of the grass and he keeps very still, so you can pass very near him and never know he is there if you do not know where to look for him.

"He has sharp ears and a good nose, but he depends mostly on his ability to run and dodge quickly to get away from his enemies.

"He lives outdoors almost all of the time, but he will run into a hole in the ground, a hollow log, a briar patch or any other cover if he is chased and has to dodge in to get away.

"He is good to eat and very easily killed with a gun, so he is hunted by nearly everybody, yet he manages to keep right on living and raising his family, so he is a good fellow to know about. You should get well acquainted with him.

"Now on your way home you may find out more about him if you only keep your eyes open. Why not go out and do a little hunting by yourselves and give Little Owl a chance to do some work."

This idea appealed to the children, and off they started.

Quitchaddy, The Rabbit, Is Discovered

Half way up the hill the children scared up Quitchaddy, who ran right into a weed patch in the corner of the garden and hid there.

"Oh, let's catch him," said Dorothy.

"All right, let's try," said Bobby; so they all went up to the weed patch tippy-toe, just as quietly as could be and they surrounded the place where Quitchaddy had hidden himself.

"Now we must be ver-r-ee careful and not scare him and then one of us can catch him when we get close," said little Dorothy, who thought it would be very easy to pick a Rabbit right up if you could get people all around him.

They all came closer and closer together from all around the place where Quitchaddy had hidden.

Everyone was watching just as sharply as could be and was all ready to catch Quitchaddy if he should come close enough.

"Oh, there he is! I saw him! Right by that thick patch of weeds!" said Betty, forgetting herself and jumping up and down.

"Keep still, Betty," said Bobby, "that's no way to do; how do you 'spect to catch him when you make such a lot of noise? Just keep still and be ready to grab him if you get a chance."

So they all tippy-toed toward the middle of the weed patch and it looked like somebody would surely catch that rabbit, when all of a sudden here came Willie Smith's little dog running right into that weed patch!

Of course Quitchaddy saw him first and before anybody could drive the dog away, that little Rabbit just jumped up and ran right between Bobby and Phyllis and away he went across the garden as hard as he could go and Willie Smith's little dog was right after him, barking as loudly as he could.

It all happened so quickly that all any one could do was to stand and watch the dog chase poor little Quitchaddy right up to the lumber yard where he ran under a lumber pile and got away.

"My, but that was a close call for Quitchaddy," said Phyllis. "I expect his heart is just going pitapat. Let's run back down and tell Little Owl."

"Oh, Little Owl, I'm 'fraid Willie Smith's dog has scared the Rabbit so he will never come back," said Dorothy anxiously, as the children entered the teepee of the old Indian.

Quitchaddy, The Rabbit, Is Discovered

"You see, that nasty little dog chased the Rabbit right under a big pile of lumber in the lumber yard and I'm 'fraid he will never come out again, will he?"

"Hoh!" said Little Owl, "So you are afraid Quitchaddy has been frightened away, are you? Listen, Little Robes; the Rabbit is timid, but he is nobody's fool, and that is why he can continue to live near people and not get killed.

"If you will go to the lumber yard every time it snows, you will always find a lot of new tracks to tell you what Quitchaddy is doing and how he lives.

"You will find that he knows of places where he can run in and out from one lumber pile to another every time a dog or a cat chases him.

"The lumber yard is so close to the garden and there are plenty of weeds to hide among if any danger appears while Quitchaddy is out hunting his supper, so don't worry about him, for he will be all right and have a nice safe home under the lumber pile all winter."

"I'm glad," said Dorothy, "for I don't want anything to hurt that nice little Rabbit."

"A Rabbit could hardly find a safer place than a lumber yard to make his home in," said Little Owl, "because there are all kinds of runways under the lumber piles where he can dodge in and out to get away from any enemy except a Mink or a Weasel, and neither of these is apt to go prowling about in town, so the Rabbit is safer than he would be in the woods.

"You just watch every time it snows and see if you don't find out lots of things about Quitchaddy from the tracks he leaves in the lumber yard this winter. You can scatter a few ears of corn around where he can find it if you want to feed him when it gets real cold.

"A carrot or a turnip now and then will please him if you put it near the lumber pile where he can find it, and an apple once in a while will please him still better, for he likes all of these green things, especially during the winter.

"If you put any of these things out, do not put out much at any one time, as they freeze and then when they thaw out again they are not good.

"So, Little Robes, you have learned a great deal about Quitchaddy. Run along now and come back to-morrow for another story."

CHAPTER VIII.

BOBBY LEARNS TO READ SIGNS.

The weather had changed to warmer and a damp snow had covered the earth with a new, clean, level blanket of feathery white, two inches deep.

The girls had company to-day and had to stay at home, leaving Bobby to amuse himself as best he could.

Conditions for reading the Signs of the Wilds could not be better.

"To-day we walk the trails and let the stories tell themselves," said Little Owl when Bobby came down alone to the teepee.

"Little Robe," Little Owl went on, "there is this to always remember about the wilderness. If Nature is undisturbed, then it is always as it should be, and if it is disturbed, then there is always a reason why any disturbed thing is as you

see it instead of as it should be, and that is always a sign that means something in the wilderness.

"This new snow here is undisturbed. But over here, now, is a trail made in the snow by some animal. This trail is a sign, because it means that something has passed since the snow fell and it left the track as a sign of its passing.

"Now if we know wild things and what they do and why they do them and how, then it is easy to look at this track and judge what animal made it.

"In doing this we take into consideration size, weight, habits of the animal, time the snow fell, the weather since then, and the time of day, all in relation to one another and to any nearby signs and to the animal.

"When we look at this track here at the foot of this tree, remembering all these things, we judge that the Red Squirrel has come out of his nest in the tree looking for some of his buried acorns, as he does on warm winter days.

"The track fits him for size, weight, length between tracks, where it comes from, where it goes, time it was made and all other points, including the fact that no other animal makes a track exactly like his or moves in exactly the same

way over the ground, for none walks or runs the same as he.

"No other animal lives in the trees all the time, and this track comes down out of a tree and goes back into the same tree. You can see the way the foot prints point away and back from the foot of the tree where little pieces of bark litter the clean new snow because the animal knocked them from the tree in climbing.

"The things I have told you, Little Robe, are the things of Sign Reading, which is the best way to learn how to use your brains by reasoning out and studying everything so that you learn to observe the smallest details.

"Over here," said Little Owl, pointing to another track, "we have the track of a good neighbor who lives in our woods all the time and so quietly that you would never know he was there if he was not a great fellow to roam about all over the country in the night.

"See, here he traveled early last night while the snow was damp, before it started to freeze,

for these tracks are clear cut and sharp; but also they are frozen hard, showing that the snow was damp and the air warm enough to soften, but not to greatly melt the snow at the time he passed by. That time was nearly dark last night, or perhaps a little later.

"Then the weather turned colder very quickly and these tracks were frozen before they had time to melt or lose their shape and they stay that way because it has been cold ever since. If it had been warmer, then the track would not have the clear, sharp edges it now has because the thinest places in the snow melt first, making the track outlines blurred instead of sharply modeled as these are.

"All of these signs agree with the weather conditions of early last night, which helps us to fix the time the track was made.

"This animal weighs thirty or forty pounds, has short legs and walks flat-footed, with a rolling, waddling gait. And he has a long tail which he drags more or less, and his ordinary way of traveling is to walk a little way, then sit on his haunches and rest a little while he takes time to look about him.

"We judge all this from the depth of his track, distance of stride, the way it winds about, the

way the edges of the tracks are pressed back and all the other things we see about it.

"He is one who walks unafraid and boldy hunts his dinner where he chooses. He eats almost anything. If the weather had continued warm, he would have made a long trip and eaten his fill.

"It turned cold too early for him; that made him sleepy again, so, instead of prowling all night, he turned back to his den tree. He is there right now, rolled up into a gray fur ball and sound asleep, almost standing on his head, for he sleeps with his feet and his whole head tucked down under him.

"He is the only animal that makes tracks which look like they had been made by a little barefooted baby walking like a man. When you see tracks like that they were made by a Raccoon, and no other animal. Therefore, we have trailed a Raccoon."

"Are you sure, without even seeing him?" Bobby asked. "Goodness! I don't see how you can be so sure, just from a track."

"Well, when I was a young boy my father taught me these things," said Little Owl.

"At first, I went with him and saw him hunt and thus I learned the Indian methods of hunting.

"Then I had to go alone after small game to see if I could find it by following the trails.

"Now, Little Robe, suppose you go alone and see what you can find to follow, then come back to the teepee and let me know. That is the best way to learn."

Bobby started up across the hillside to reach the upper end of the Little Woods to look for the trail of any animal that had moved in the night.

Half way up the hill he came to a strange track that made a long double line of breaks in the snow, and each line was connected up as though some one had dragged a small broom from track to track as the animal moved along.

Bobby had never seen any tracks like these, and he followed them along the hillside, trying to read their meaning.

The tracks were made by a single animal, but they were in distinct double line and they twisted and turned at every little obstruction; every bunch of grass, every low place, hummock and bush had been visited if it was within sight of the route of the tracks.

In several places the animal had dug in the snow, clear down to the ground, and then trampled the snow and long grass all about as though looking for something. In one place there was a drop or two of blood.

When he got to the far side of the Little Woods, Bobby came back, as he had told Little Owl he would do.

At Little Owl's teepee he told his old Indian friend what he had seen and answered all the many questions that Little Owl asked about the tracks.

Then Little Owl said:

"You have followed the trail of Ah-pi-ki-yix, the big striped-back Skunk, and he was going some place, for he traveled right along slowly, not stopping anywhere except to hunt for mice as he went along.

"He is never in a hurry and he is a great traveler who goes slowly but goes a long way. If he had stopped, we should have to trap him, for he eats all kinds of little birds and he is not a pleasant neighbor to have.

"Some day I shall tell you all about him. Today he is the Maker of Tracks across our hillside and we are glad he has gone on.

"Now we will go out together and see what our eyes can discover.

"Now keep your eyes open and tell me what you see as we go along," said Little Owl, "for it is only by using your eyes and ears and nose that you learn to get along in the wilds as the animals do. See what you find out as we go from here to the first bend in the trail, then tell me."

Slowly they walked along, looking everywhere as they went. At the bend of the path Little Owl stopped.

"What did you see, Little Robe?" he asked.

"Not very much," said Bobby. "I saw a Crow fly out of a tree top and heard a Chickadee over in the woods, and I saw a Rabbit track where it crossed the road."

"Is that all? Then you have poor eyes," said the old Chief. "This is what I saw:

"I saw where the Rabbit crossed the road and where a Squirrel had dug for nuts.

"Some Towhees, several of them, have been searching under the fallen leaves in the thicket for Grubs and they have scattered the leaves all about in doing so.

"A Crow flew overhead on his way to get his dinner and a little Woodpecker was hunting Grubs in a dead limb on the big elm tree away over your head.

"A Quail had crossed the path, running fast, so I have little doubt we could find where he has joined his family somewhere over in the woods.

"A Wood Rat lives somewhere about that old half-rotted log in the brush pile yonder, for I saw his tunnels in the snow where he travels from one place to another under the snow which hides him from the sharp eyes of any prowling Owl. And there is a Screech Owl somewhere in these woods, for I saw a little ball of bones such as the Owl family all disgorge after their food is digested.

"In one place I saw a dead Black Beetle on top of the snow, which means that he failed to get a good place to sleep through the winter and died because of his failure.

"You see, Little Robe, you do not yet know how to use your eyes, because you see only a few things where there are many to be seen.

"Besides what I told you about, I saw all the trees, the mosses, snow, leaves, sticks and everything that is a part of the Forest as it should be, so that I knew what had been going on everywhere in this busy Little Woods of ours.

"Now we shall go up along the hillside where we can see a long way, for one must learn to use his eyes at long range as well as close up if he is to know what goes on all about him," said the old Indian Chief.

"Look at that bird flying away over there. Can you tell me what kind of a bird it is just by the way he moves when he flies?"

At first Bobby could not even see the bird, but Little Owl pointed it out and Bobby saw a large black spot moving across the sky half a mile away. He could not name the bird and knew it was a bird only because it moved through the air.

"That is a Crow," said Little Owl. "Now watch it and remember how it moves in the air. All Crows fly the same way, just as all birds of any one kind all fly alike, but each species different from the others. Because of this difference it is easy to learn to tell what any bird is when he is flying, even if he is so far away that you can barely see him.

"Yonder goes a Flicker! Look! See how he flies in big wave-like dips and rises, and how he moves his wings fast a few times to rise and then folds them up and drops back down the other side of the wave.

"The Crow flies straight ahead with even beat of wings, like a man walking, while the Flicker flies unevenly like a boy running and jumping.

"There is a Blue Jay. Notice how he flies differently from either of the others—and there are some English Sparrows flying in a way still different from all the others.

"You see, each bird has his own way to fly, and when you know what this way is and have watched and remembered, then it will be easy for you to know them all as far as you can see them.

"This will take much time and patient watching to learn, and it will be many years before you know all of them at a glance, for many birds have more than one way of flying and each of these ways means some one particular thing to the one who knows them all.

"You must first learn how to see things and then you will soon learn all of these things, but if you don't know how to keep watch, you can never learn.

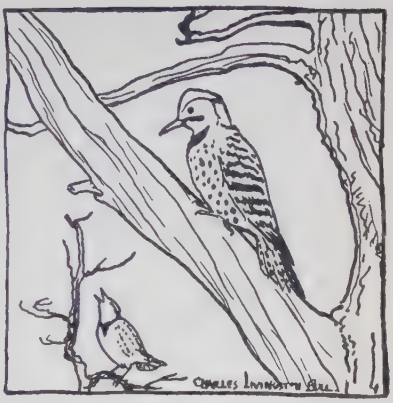
"But seeing is not all, Little Robe. Do you know how to use your ears? Can you hear all the Little Wild People talking to each other today? Listen!"

A Crow called from a far off tree top and another Crow answered him from nearer by.

"The Crows are only gossiping," said Little Owl. "If one should find plenty of food, he would call the others to come, but his call would then be entirely different from the calls he is making now, as it would plainly tell the others to come in a hurry, for there was something good to be had if he got there before others came to eat all the food.

"Every bird call you hear has one certain meaning just as every word of our talk has a meaning. Many times the meaning of a call is changed by the tone and accent used in making it, just as our words are changed the same way.

"Animals talk the same as we do. You can nearly always tell what a dog is doing by the way he barks. That is because you have learned dog language without knowing it by being around



where dogs are all the time and hearing them talk until you know without noticing it just what they mean when they bark in any particular way.

"That is no different from the way the wild birds and animals do. They have learned to talk together every day just as we do, though they do not have many words to talk with.

"One word sound means food; another is a warning; another is a way to find each other, and so on.

"Do you hear that Flicker beating his tatoo on the dead limb? He is telling all other Flickers that he lives here and is busy searching for his food. Every other Flicker that hears him drum will know about where to look for him until spring, because he will stay in the same neighborhood.

"Hear that Blue Jay? It is the same way with him; a notice to all other Jays that one of their tribe is over here.

"The Quails have flown into the Little Woobs

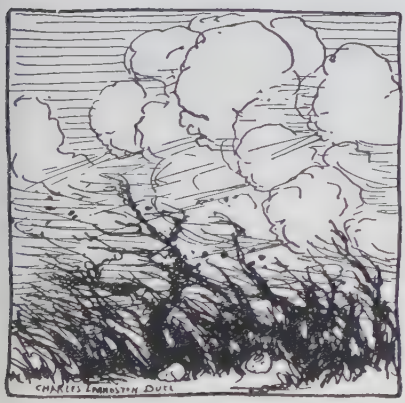
in a flock from some place and now they call each other so they will all get together again. And so it goes; all wild things talk together and understand what is going on, although they do not talk our language.

"Now I think you have had enough for one day."

Bobby scampered home, eager to tell the other children all he had learned this day, and he certainly did make it appear that he had learned a great deal.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE OWL TELLS OF THE FAR PLACES.



The sky was gray and snow was falling when Phyllis and Bobbie put Dorothy on the sled and trotted off down the snowy path that led to the teepee of Little Owl. Little Tommy and Betty Jane did not go because the weather was bad, but they had lots of fun at home, so it did not matter.

"Well, what do you want me to tell you about this time?" said the old Chief when he got his story pipe to drawing well, so that the smoke twisted up toward the smoke hole in the lodge top like a thin blue snake.

"Tell us about the other people you have seen, as you said you would some day," said Bobbie, who always likes to hear about people and things that are away off somewhere else.

"I have been to many places and seen many different tribes of people since I was a boy," said the old Chief, "and I do not know which people to tell you about first. Some people live in the hot deserts away south in the Always-summer country; some live far in the other direction toward the lodge of the Coldmaker. There is no grass on the land there and great trees grow so thickly that one can hardly find a way between them and there are many lakes and the people travel in canoes and have no horses at all.

"Some other people live in a great wide, dry, Country-of-rocks, where it gets very hot and where many snakes live.

"Others live in the short-grass country far to the south, where there are no trees and very little water, and these raise many spotted horses.

"Over toward where the sun comes from are the Buffalo-meat-eating people that my own people call the Chish-cha-chash, the ones-who-hack-their-arms, and not far from them are the Snake-people, the Heads-are-flat people, and the Rabbit-skin people, so you see I hardly know which ones to tell you about first or where to begin.

"Each one of these tribes is different from all the others and each one speaks its own language, so none of them understand the others unless they

talk sign talk with their hands. Which ones shall I tell you about first?"

"We want to know about all of them, please Little Owl, so tell us about one and then about the others until you have told us about all of them—will you, please, Little Owl?" said Phyllis, who seems never to tire of stories.

"Well, then, I shall tell you about a strange people who live in stone houses away toward the Always-summer country—we call them the Stone-house People.

"When I was a young man I went to their country to see what it was like, for I had heard many stories about these Strange Ones who built houses of stone and had many animals which they herded and put into stone pens at night.

"It was a long way to go. I traveled many days until it got so hot one could hardly stay in the sun; then I traveled at night.

"There was very little water; river beds were dry and water could be had only in a few places and around these were always many bones because all animals that are sick go to water if they

can and all animals that are hurt or old or weak go to water if they can before they die and then they die there. That is why there are always many bones around a water hole in a desert, and so it was this time. The water was bad, but there was no other kind.

"After a long time I reached the country I was looking for and I found the people.

"They built many houses all together in one place and the only way to get in was to climb up a ladder and go down through a door cut in the roof.

"They had all their houses built on high, flat rock places that are found in the desert and no where else. These places are called 'mesas' and the people who live here are called Pueblos.

"They have many small animals like the big horn sheep which they herd and take care of and then cut their hair off once each year. They use this hair to make blankets and robes and clothing.

"I saw them making blankets out of this hair and they are as warm as any buffalo robe. When they go out on the desert they go afoot because they do not own horses, but have only a few small like-horses-with-long-ears animals that they use to pack things on but not to ride very much. The

paleface calls this animal a burro.

"Near their houses they plant vines and corn and other things and they raise these and many other strange plants so they can have food. They do not eat buffalo meat and other things like many people do. They live mostly on plants and are a strange people."

"Tell us about some other people that live 'way, 'way off," said Dorothy after the old Indian had told about the Pueblo people.

"Sure," said Bobbie, who is like all other boys and expects some day to go almost everywhere in the world and see everything of interest there is to see.

Little Owl put some more wood on the fire so the smoke went right straight up out of the smokehole in his teepee and curled like blue fog among the limbs of the big maple tree overhead.

Then he looked out over the Beaver Pond and said, as he lit his pipe, "When I was a boy some men came back from a long journey. Among other things, they told about a large river that

was far toward where the sun goes. One had to cross over the Back-bone-of-the-world to get there and it was a very hard journey to make because the Back-bone-of-the-world is the big range of mountains that white men call the Rockies.

"The travelers said that on the other side, toward where the sun goes, there were burning mountains like great teepees with smoke coming out of the top and there was a place called the All-rocks country where nothing grew at all.

"They said the rocks had been melted and had run out of some burning mountain a long time ago.

"Not so very far from the All-rocks country was a big lake called the Lake of the People-with-the-flat-heads and at one end of it there lived another tribe of people called Their-noses-are-pierced people.

"A man of France, a trapper, told them about these people and he called them the Nez Perce people, so the travelers tried to see them but could not find them, though they found out where they lived at one end of the big lake, while the People-with-the-flat-heads lived at the other.

"When I grew up I went to this lake and I found the People-with-the-flat-heads. They made their babies' heads flat by binding a piece of wood

down so the heads could not grow round, and that is how they came to be people with flat heads.

"They do not do this now, but the name remains the same—they are known as the Flathead Indians even among the paleface people.

"I found the other people living at the other end of the lake and found two medicine men who had holes pierced in their noses so they could wear rings in the holes. The rest of the people did not have their noses pierced at all but they are still called Nez Perce Indians.

"The big river the travelers told about was the Columbia. You can find all these places in Idaho if you look in your books.

"Now I will tell you about the Canoe-making People who lived by the everywhere-salt-water where the great forests grow," said Little Owl.

"I have told you about the Nez Perce and the Flathead People who live in Idaho and about the great Columbia River that runs down from the mountains to the salt water. You must find these on the map.

"Then you must look toward the Coldmaker's lodge from the Columbia River and you will find a place called Puget Sound where the salt water comes far into the land.

"Near this salt water place you will find four great mountains that once were fire-and-smoke mountains which white men call volcanoes. Their names are Mt. Rainer, Mt. Baker, Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens. They all stand in a great forest of very large fir, cedar and hemlock trees that grow all over the land as thickly as hair grows on our head. They are the greatest forest in all the world.

"In this country you will find the Canoe-making people who have lived here for many years before the white man came and who own no horses but travel in canoes all the time.

"They carve all their canoes from big cedar logs and they make them all sizes, from a little tiny one that will hold only one person, to very large ones that will carry several families with all their goods, children, dogs, and everything.

"In the old days they made canoes so large that big war parties used them to make war on other people who lived near the salt water.

"They used the big canoes to catch seals, sea otters and whales and sometimes went on long

journeys on these whale hunting trips.

"These people are known as Hidahs, Makahs, Quinaults and Siawashes and they all belong to one blood but are different tribes.

"They make the finest wooden canoes in the world because they have made them for many, many years, each man learning from his father before him how to make a canoe just the right way. Some day you must go there and see these canoes and the great mountains and forests that the travelers told about when I was a little boy and which I have seen since then."

The old Indian stirred up his fire and put on new wood so all the children would keep warm and then he said:

"Far away toward the always-warm country where the birds all go for the winter, there is a place called Texas.

"Part of Texas is low and swampy country with many trees growing on it and part is high, grassy, wild country where horses and cattle do well.

"In this part of Texas, which is called the Pan-

handle, there was, in the old days, an Indian tribe called the Comanches. To the west of them were the Utes, Navajoes, Pueblos, and other tribes and to the north and east of them lived the Kiowas, the Cheyennes, Kansa, Sioux, Otoes, Pawnees and others.

"The Comanches were restless people and did not settle down to stay in one place or build villages, but kept traveling and roaming about, fighting all other tribes most of the time, so they could not stop to build towns or roads.

"There was one thing the Comanches did do, though, which made them famous, and that was to raise fine horses.

"They raised a great many horses and their stock was the best known to all the plains tribes.

"One breed they developed was the horse known in the south as the 'Pinto,' which means 'Painted'.

"These horses were all spotted with large patches of color, usually brown and white, but sometimes with other colors, such as black and white. In the north, white men called them 'calico ponies,' and everybody knew them as 'Comanche horses' all over the west.

"They were speedy travelers, could go long distances without tiring and could get along with-

out water much longer than ordinary horses, so they were much prized by the dry country tribes who were always trying to trade for them or steal them from other Indians. Sometimes regular horse-stealing bands of warriors would go on expeditions for the purpose of getting all they could of these fine spotted horses from enemy tribes.

"The Comanches developed the race until they were very much like Arabian horses and were always valuable when they wanted to trade for anything else.

"The Comanche people had to be always on the watch for horse stealing parties, or for war parties intent on getting spotted ponies, even if they had to fight to get a chance to run them off. So the whole Comanche tribe became a tribe of fighting horsemen who came and went like the wind up and down the plains, fighting everybody they met and feared by all tribes almost as much as the Apaches were.

"Now I shall tell you about several tribes of people who lived in the great grass land country

before the white men came to the Plains," said Little Owl, "for I have told you enough about the Comanches.

"The buffalo herds fed up along the great Plains toward the lodge of the Coldmaker while the summer lasted and then when fall came they went back to the Always-warm country like the birds do.

"Wherever they went the Indian tribes killed them for their meat and skins, for in the old days the Indians lived on buffalo meat and made their teepees of buffalo skins. They also used the best robes for beds and even for clothes, so they lived well as long as the buffalo lasted and nearly starved if they happened to miss the herds, as they sometimes did.

"The tribes that lived almost entirely off the big buffalo herds west of the Missouri River were the Chippewas, Sacs, Foxes, Omahas, Missouris, Kansa, Otoes, Pawnees, Sioux, Mandas, Arickarees, Assinaboines, Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, Crows, Flatheads, Cheyennes, Bannocks, Nez Perce and a great many more to the south and southwest.

"Many of these tribes lived right in the buffalo country and many others lived off to one side, but they all hunted more or less on the Great Plains

where they came when they needed meat and skins.

"Almost always a tribe while out hunting meat would clash with some other tribe in the same hunting grounds and often these tribes would be old-time enemies and then there would be a big fight and a good many warriors would be killed.

"Sometimes one party would be much larger than the other, then the smaller party would have to run for their lives, and if they were caught they were nearly sure to be wiped out, for the stronger party would kill all the men in the weaker party and then capture all the women and the horses belonging to the other party and carry them off home as spoils of war.

"In this way whole tribes were sometimes killed off or weakened until they made peace and joined a stronger tribe to save themselves from being killed off entirely.

"All the tribes that lived in the grass country were horse Indians who owned many horses on which they came and went as they chose.

"Before they had horses they used dogs to pull small travoise rigs and packed the rest of their property on their backs, so you see they never got very far.

"But enough of the Far-back times for to-day. I have work to do. Always do you Little Robes sit and have me talk when I should be at work. This is not good. Run along home, now, or I shall have no stories for you later."

CHAPTER X.

THE WAYS OF BOB WHITE.

Bobby called Phyllis and Dorothy out into the back yard one sunny winter afternoon just after he got home from a trip to the store for mother.

"Get your things on and let's go right down and see Little Owl 'cause I saw a whole lot of birds fly over towards the woods and I want to ask him about them. Hurry now, will you?"

In just a few minutes they had gotten Tommy and Betty Jane bundled up so they could go along and away they all went down the path along the hillside that leads to the teepee of Little Owl.

Little Owl was sitting inside his teepee lacing a snowshoe and he listened while Bobby told him about the strange birds.

"I was coming home from the store," said

Bobby, "and when I got just to the top of the hill right by the end of Mr. Wilson's garden, where his big patch of sweet corn was this summer, why, right there a whole flock of brown birds flew up.

"They made, oh, a lot of noise with their wings and they were brown, I could see that. I think they were about as big as pigeons, only their tails and wings were shorter, and they flew a good deal faster and they all sailed and didn't flap their wings after they got started good.

"They flew right over across the meadow on the hillside and the last I could see of them was when they flew right into the woods. What kind of birds were they, Little Owl?"

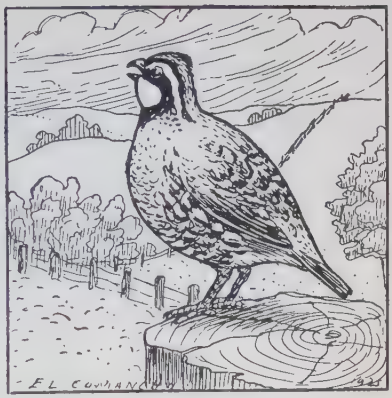
The old Indian Chief smiled, as he said:

"Hoh! You have good eyes, Little Robe, and some day you will be a great man, for you see things as they are.

"The bird you tell me about was Chief Bob White Quail and his family, and they have come to live in our woods and on our hillside for this winter if we are good to them."

"Oh, goody! Goody!" said Dorothy. "I'm glad of that. We'll learn all about them now, won't we?"

"Listen," said Little Owl. "Do you hear them calling up in the woods now? That whistle is



the call they use to find each other when they get separated.

"They have other calls, too, each with a meaning of its own. If you learn to mimic them exactly, you can talk to them just as they talk to each other. They do not have many words like we do, but they have a word or a call that means something to eat, another for water, one for danger, and so on.

"Each call means one particular thing and it is not hard to learn the meaning of all of them if you listen for a few days and get so you can learn to mimic them."

"Come on, Little Owl," Bobby urged, "let's go up and track them and see what we can learn."

"I must mend my snowshoes," said Little Owl. "But you children can follow the Quail tracks up along the road to-day by yourselves and see what you can find out and then tell me about it to-morrow.

"The Chief Quail leads his flock up along the hillside to the garden where they can find plenty of food and then he leads them to water, then

to some place to rest in the sun until it is time to go back to the garden for supper.

"If you follow the tracks you will find that he does this every day, with only a little bit of difference in any two days.

"Now go ahead and see what you can learn by yourselves, for it is time you began to study the wild things just as you study your books. You will learn a little at a time that way until, after a while, you will know a great deal."

With Bobby leading, they all trooped up the snowy road through the little woods, watching for tracks as they went.

Nearly half way up the hill they found new tracks where the Quail had just been along. They could easily tell the difference between these tracks and the ones made yesterday because the old ones were half melted out by the sun and the new ones were sharp and clean cut in the damp snow.

Presently the new tracks turned out of the road and went into a patch of thick weeds where nobody could see far enough ahead to tell what became of them and they had to watch right under foot to be able to see them at all.

If Little Owl had been along he would have said:

"Be careful, now; they have heard us coming and have gone into the thick weeds to hide. If we go in there they will fly up and sail away to the woods, where they will be safe."

But Little Owl was not along and the children did not know enough about Quails as yet to be able to read the signs of the trails, so they followed right along after the birds as they had been doing.

All of a sudden, right under their feet, Whi-r-r! Whi-r-r! Whi-r-r! Up the whole flock came like so many brown sky rockets and away they sailed for the woods!

Betty was so frightened at the sudden noise that she cried for a few minutes, but when she knew it was only the Quails that made the noise, why, of course, it was all right.

A whole flock of Quails make a pretty scarey noise with their wings when they all start to fly at once, but when you get used to it the noise doesn't startle you at all.

That is the way with most noises in the wild-

erness; most of them are harmless and they all mean something when you learn what makes them.

The kiddies watched the Quails sail over to the woods and disappear among the bushes; then they all went home until to-morrow when they would see Little Owl and tell him about what they had seen.

The next day after school was out, the children trooped down to the teepee of Little Owl to learn more about the Quails.

The old man sat beside his door, making an arrow from a nice straight piece of wood, for he can still shoot with his bow the same as he did years ago when he was a little boy and the Indians all used bows and arrows for hunting.

Bobby told him how the flock of Quails had been scared up out of the weeds and how the noise had frightened Betty Jane so badly.

"Yes, that is the way the Quails do," said the old Chief. "They run and hide when they hear anything that sounds like danger and they don't make the least mite of noise or move at all unless they must to get out of the way of anything that threatens them.

"You Little Robes followed their tracks until you nearly stepped on them where they had hid-

den to wait for you to pass by, and when you came straight to them, instead of turning off, then the Chief Quail chirped just once as a signal to go and away they all went at once before you could wink.

"That is their way of escaping danger. They depend on the noise of their wings to startle an enemy until they can get up in the air and on the wing, and that way they escape where they might not if they did not make so much noise in starting.

"All animals and birds have some such way of protecting themselves when danger is near, and all are colored so they match the weeds and grasses or trees or country where they live, otherwise they would all soon be killed.

"The Quails stay in flocks, usually just the one family to each flock, and all winter they hunt their food together among the fields and covers, ranging over a limited space of ground as long as they are not bothered.

"They do just about the same things in just about the same way every day, so if you learn

their habits and where they feed and where they drink and where they go to roost you can tell just about where they are at any hour. Storms make very little difference to them except that in heavy snow storms they do not go out after food until the snow is over, even if they have to stay in some shelter like a thick weed patch or timber or long high grass until the storm passes.

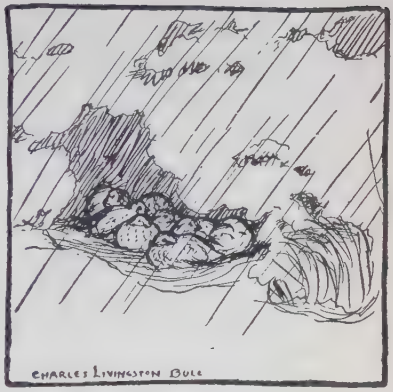
"If a blizzard comes, they will fly to some place nearby where they can get among thick weeds or long grasses or thick bushes that will hold up the snow and there they stay until the storm is done, even if the snow drifts all over the shelter they have chosen.

"If snow drifts over their hiding place, they will wait until the storm stops, then flutter out through some hole or thin place in the snow and go hunting for food again.

"If you go up in the garden every day and look around, you will find where the Quails have been eating their dinner.

"If the ground is bare and dry, they will pick up weed seeds, stray bugs and worms, insect eggs or most anything that looks good, for they like almost any kind of food that other ground birds eat.

"If the snow is deep, you will find them living



on the seeds of grasses, such as Foxtail, Millet and others. They will eat some corn or wheat also, but they like smaller seeds best and weed seeds of different kinds are their favorite articles of food in winter.

"In summer they eat thousands of bugs and worms and in this way they save the farmer's crop from destruction.

"Every Bob White Quail is worth his weight in gold each year just for the bugs he eats that would eat up the crops if Bob White didn't eat the bugs first. Don't forget that. Be good to the Quails and protect them for the good they do.

"They build their nests on the ground and lay a dozen or more white eggs. After the eggs are hatched they all stay together through the summer and winter.

"They are very friendly birds and will come right up and feed with the chickens if you encourage them and do not let anything frighten them away.

"You must listen for their whistle calls so you will learn to know each call they make and what

it means when they make it. If you learn these calls you can often tell just what the birds are doing by the calls they make.

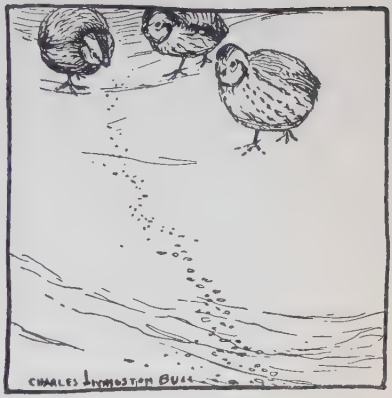
"If you want to make friends with Chief Bob White and his family you can do it easily. To do this, you must get some wheat or small grain and go where the Quails come to feed at the place nearest your house.

"When you find this place, scatter a little wheat there so they can find it. Don't spread it all around, but scatter it in a little strip like a pathway and let it lead toward your house.

"When they find the grain the Quails will eat it and as they eat it they will come closer toward the house. You must scatter just a little each day until they get used to finding it there and coming to get it every day. Then scatter it a little closer each day toward the place you want them to come.

"You must be very patient and not hurry at all, for hurry always spoils everything with the wild things, while patience will always accomplish what you want.

"After a week or two of this way of feeding, the Quails will get to expecting the food at the same place every day. Then if you scatter it just at the edge of that place and on toward the house,



a little closer each day, after a while you will have them coming right where you want them and you can keep feeding them there so long as you don't let anything or anybody disturb them. If you do this as I have told you, the Quails will soon get tame enough to come right up and eat with the chickens and even run all around you just as the chickens do. But you must not frighten them by making too quick motions with your arms or too much noise or by letting dogs or cats get in and scare them out, and you will find them a fine, friendly bird well worth watching. He will repay you for your time.

"All wild things soon learn to be friendly if they are protected and fed because the two things in all their lives that they must ever be watchful of are food and safety.

"In the wilderness all things live only from day to day and nearly all are killed in one way or another in the end. It is only the strong, healthy individual that can protect itself or get away from danger quickly enough.

"The sick or injured wild thing is almost always killed by some enemy or other as soon as it is helpless and so they die one by one.

"If you care for them they very soon learn to come to you for protection and food. It is so with all wild things. If you show yourself friendly they will make friends with you. Try it out on the Quail."

So away the children scampered for home to get some grain and start feeding the Quails so they would come and eat with the chickens.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGER VISITS THE TEEPEE

"Oh, Bobbie! Yoo-hoo! Hurr-y up and come on over! There is a strange man down at Little Owl's teepee! Let's hurry down and see who it is! Maybe it's one of his old Indian friends and if it is maybe he'll tell us some stories! Let's go down quick!"

Dorothy was all excited and anxious to get started. In just a little while they had the two little kiddies on the sled and Dorothy pushed while Phyllis and Bobbie pulled and away they went just as fast as anything right down the long snowy path beside the fence until they reached the old Indian Chief's teepee.

Inside the teepee Little Owl sat besides his fire talking to another Indian and both of them were smoking their long redstone pipes.

"Hi-oh!" said Little Owl when he saw them. "Here you come again! All the tribe of the Little Robes come down here to bother me for stories again just when I want to smoke and visit with my friend. But sit down here on the bearskin with your feet to the fire so your toes will keep warm and we'll see what we can do.

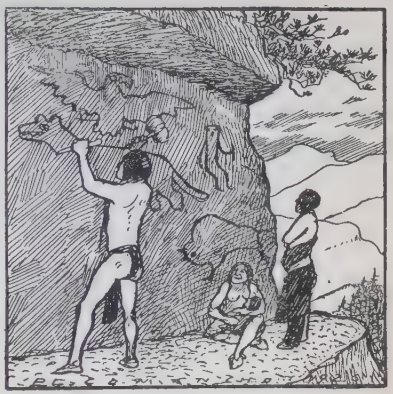
"This is Alone-Walker, my friend, who was here last year, you remember, and who told you stories about other people and other things away off from here where he has visited in his travels. He is always going somewhere and has traveled to many distant places where most people never go at all, so he is a very wise man.

"Perhaps if you are very nice to him he will tell you about some of the things he has seen."

"Oh, will you—please, Alone-Walker. I remember the stories you told us last year about things 'way, 'way off and I wish you would tell us more!"

Dorothy is such a tease—who could keep from telling her stories!

"Well, Little Squaw," said Alone-Walker, "I will tell you some stories about strange places and strange people that I have seen, for I have visited many of them in my travels and I know you will like to know about them.



"The first one shall be a story about a great canyon in the mountains far away from here in a country that is very dry and very hot," said Alone-Walker, as he began to talk.

"This canyon is in a place called Arizona, which you can find on the map at school if you ask your teacher to show you where it is.

"In Arizona there are very few streams and rivers because it is a hot country and not much rain falls there, so it is different from many other countries where there is plenty of green grass and many trees. Instead of green trees on the Arizona desert they have cactus and mesquite brush and some other plants that grow only in dry, hot countries.

"All of these are thorny and there is very little grass at all and it is green for only a little while in the spring—then it ripens and turns yellow and stays that way all the rest of the year.

"The country there is all cut up with deep canyons and some of these have a stream of water in the bottom, but it is so far down to it that it

cannot be brought up to put on the ground and the canyon is so deep and narrow nothing will grow down in the bottom.

"On the walls of these canyons there are many carvings in the rocks. These have all been made by men, but nobody knows who they were or where they came from or where they went.

"They made all these strange carvings of men, birds, animals and other things and then they vanished and no one knows even where their bones are, for they have all been dead so long that no one to-day knows anything at all about them.

"They left their carvings in many of the canyons, but no one can find any of the ruins of their homes or anything else they left behind to tell those who follow them who they were or where they went or when they lived."

Alone-Walker paused and puffed his pipe.

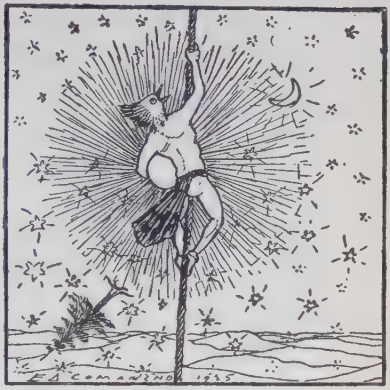
"Won't you tell us more about them?" asked Bobby.

"There is little more to tell. We do not know much about these people. But I can tell you of some strange happenings in the Far Back times."

"Oh, do!" the children chorused.

For a while Alone-Walker smoked his long pipe in silence. At last he laid it aside.

"Far away to the north and west there is a



river called Snoqualmie," said Alone-Walker. "Snoqualmie is the way the white man pronounces the Indian word 'Sno-qualm,' which means Moon, so it is the 'River of the Moon'.

"Once a long, long time ago, Ki-ki, the Blue Jay, came to this River of the Moon and he found a long rope hanging down from the sky.

"He wondered why this should be, so when he climbed up to find out, he climbed right through a hole in the sky!

"Up above the sky was where the Spider Chief lived and he owned the Sun, the Moon, the Stars and a box that he kept full of Daylight, so the Indians say.

"Ki-ki, the Blue Jay, is a great thief, as every one knows, for he will steal anything that he can carry away even now.

"He saw the Sun, the Moon, the Stars and the big Fir trees that grew in the Spider Chief's country above the sky and the Spider Chief was nowhere in sight.

"So Ki-ki opened the box of Daylight and let

some of it out to enable him to see things. Then he picked up the Sun, the Moon and the Stars and the Fir tree and ran just as fast as he could go for the hole in the sky where the rope was.

"As he ran he became afraid that the Spider Chief would catch him and the further he went the more afraid he became.

"When he reached the hole in the sky he started to slide down the rope with everything he had stolen in his arms.

"The very first thing he dropped was the Fir tree and it fell to the ground and from it all the great fir forests came.

"Next he dropped the Sun and it was so light that it did not fall at all, but stayed right there on the under side of the sky where we see it now.

"Next he dropped the Stars and they scattered all over the sky so nobody could ever get them again.

"Then when he was almost to the ground the Spider Chief came to the hole in the sky and cut the rope and let Ki-ki fall on down to the world with the Moon in his arms!

"When he struck the ground he broke a piece out of the Moon, as you can see when the Spider Chief turns the Moon around in the sky the way he does every so often.

"So they called the river 'Sno-qualm', the Moon River, and anybody can show you where Ki-ki fell, for he broke the bottom of the river there and made Snoqualmie Falls."

"But how could Ki-ki fall?" asked little Bobby, who is forever asking questions about things he does not understand. "Didn't he have wings then, just as he has now?"

Alone-Walker grunted. "Hoh! So you Little Robes are as the grown-up Palefaces. Always do you doubt. A story has no vlaue if you doubt it. You must believe, as do our people, or else the story is no good. How do I know about Ki-ki's wings? That all happened in the Far-Back times, before Something Happened, and I tell it to you just as it was told to me." And the old Indian again picked up his pipe and began puffing away.

"Tell us some more stories about the Far-Back times, before Something Happened," said Dorothy, who did not want Alone-Walker to feel hurt.

"Well then, you must believe, and not ask questions I cannot answer.

"This time I shall tell you a story about the

great pine tree that grows up in the high mountains and has the largest cones of all the pines.

"If you pick up one of these big cones after it falls from the tree and then shake it, you will see some small brown nuts that rattle out from between the big scales of the cone.

"These are the seeds of the big pine trees and they are really small, brown, oily nuts that taste very good and are good food.

"There is a story the Indians tell about how this pine tree came to grow these nuts. It is this way, as I heard it told among some Indian people who live near what are called Kalamath Lakes.

"In the long-ago time, so the story goes, there was a fine young man who was the son of a great chief. He was always studying everything and trying to learn new things that were of use to men.

"In those days people had no guns or any other kind of arms except the bow and arrow and the spear and they had a hard time to live.

"They had fire which they got when lightning set fire to the woods, but they did not know how to make fire, so they had to keep the one fire burning all the time so everybody could get some to start with whenever they needed it themselves, and this made a lot of work.

"They had to catch fish with their hands, for they had not learned to make nets.

"The young man found out how to make fire by rubbing two sticks together and he learned how to make traps to catch salmon and then everybody had plenty to eat and were happy.

"Everybody thought the young man was great and they wanted him to be head Chief, but he refused because he could do more for them as he was.

"Then they wanted him to marry the head Chief's daughter, but he loved another girl who lived alone with her mother because her father was dead.

"When the Chief's daughter found out that he was going to marry the other girl she was very jealous and waited until it was dark and then tried to kill the girl.

"When the young man found out that the girl he wanted to marry was dying he made medicine to the Gods and they changed her into a pine tree.

"The young man went away and never came

back and after that the pine tree began to bear seeds that people could eat and so keep from starving and they have never forgotten the story since then.

"Now I think you little Robes have heard enough for one day."

"Oh, no! Tell us another story about the Far-Back times, won't you, please, Alone-Walker," Bobbie asked.

"Well, what shall I tell you about this time?" the old traveler asked, as he lit his pipe with a new coal from Little Owl's fire.

"Some more about the Ancient-ones and the strange things they did," said Bobbie.

"Oh ho! So you would know more about Ancient-ones and the times before Something Happened, would you, Little Chief?" the old man smiled.

"Well then, I shall tell you the tale of the Grasshopper's Grandfather. In those Far-Back times there was a man who had two sons; one was fat and lazy and wanted to sleep all the time; the other was very lively and loved to be out in the sunshine.

"When the sun was hot he was happy, and when it was not shining he was very sad and his heart was on the ground.

A Stranger Visits The Teepee

"One day an old Medicine Man came along and found the fat boy asleep, so he woke him up and said, 'Why is it that you do not wake up and play in the sunshine like your brother? People think you are sick. What is the matter with you?'

" 'I don't like the sunshine,' said the fat boy, 'for it makes me sick.'

" 'That is not the fault of the sun but of yourself—you should get rid of your fat, then you will like to play in the sun.

"Just then the boy's grandfather came along and he said: 'Old man, let this boy alone; you have no business to talk like that; he is a fine boy.'

"The Medicine Man looked at him and said: 'You are a fool; you do not know what is good for young men. Just for that I shall change your shape; go now and be the long green Grasshopper with the long whiskers and do not bother about trying to raise young men again—you do not know enough!'

"So the grandfather called on his medicine to prevent him being changed that way. But some-

how his medicine thought he was calling for his fat grandson to be changed, so the medicine changed the fat boy into the grasshopper and the Medicine Man into a Katydid, and that was how the first grasshopper and the first Katydid came to be and they never found any way to change themselves back into their proper forms again, so the Indians say.

"So, you see, it does not pay to be always trying to boss somebody else instead of letting them live their own lives the way that suits them best.

"Now, I think I can remember one more story of the Far-back times for you.

"This time I shall tell you the story about Kanta Ikceta, the wonderful Plum Tree, and how the first one came to be.

"In the Far-back times there were no Plum Trees and nobody had ever seen any such thing as a plum.

"There was a chief and his family who were traveling through the country and they could get nothing to eat but buffalo meat.

"There were no berries, no fish, no camas, no chokecherries nor anything good to eat that grew in the ground and they were very tired of meat and nothing else.

"The Chief made medicine to the Gods to bring

them something to eat besides meat, but his medicine was not strong.

"One day they met a Medicine Man, who said, 'I will make medicine and get you something to eat, for my medicine is very strong, but you must give me your daughter to be my wife if I do this for you and your family.'

"So the father promised to give his daughter to the Medicine Man if he brought other things to eat, but while the Medicine Man was away trying to get something else to eat there came a great storm.

"The Thunderbird shook his wings, the cloud fire tore up the earth, and the rain fell until the ground ran with water like a river.

"While it was storming so hard the man made medicine to all the Gods, asking them to take pity on him and his family and let them live.

"He promised to give his daughter to the Gods if they did not kill him.

"When the storm was over the Thunderbird appeared and said 'I came to claim your daughter, for it was I who kept you from being killed.'

"So the man gave his daughter to the Thunderbird, who immediately changed her into a tree which bore fine plums and he said, 'This I do, old man. I change your daughter into this fine tree so she will live forever and bear fruit that is good for people to eat because you do not value your daughter enough and offer to give her away to anyone who will do something for you. That is no way for anyone to do, and she shall be a Plum Tree always to show men how foolish it is to be selfish.

"That is what the old story-tellers among my people told me.

"Now, Little Robes, run along home. I have come a long, long way to visit with Little Owl, my friend, and we would like to be alone to talk and smoke our thoughts."

CHAPTER XII

CHETWOOT, THE BIG BEAR

The big Blizzard was over and done with and Little Owl was home again in his tepee under the big Maple on the shore of the Beaver Pond.

The children came home from school as early as possible and went down to see the old Chief, who had been away for a few days. They knew he would have a story for them.

Dorothy wanted to hear about bears so Phyllis and Bobby sat down beside her and Little Owl began to talk about Chetwoot, biggest of all the bears except the White Bear of the Polar regions, which is just as big but quite different in many ways.

"Hi-yah!" said Little Owl. "This is the skin of Chetwoot, old Sticky-mouth, the big Grizzly Bear,

who is the strongest of all the Woods People but who is good natured if you don't bother him.

"He is as big as a cow but his legs are so much shorter that he doesn't look as big as he is. He lives in the mountains and at one time was pretty well scattered over the whole country west of the Mississippi River before white men came and drove all the game into the mountains or destroyed it altogether.

"Chetwoot is so strong that if he gets real angry he can break a cow's neck with one sweeping slap of his big front paw. Fortunately, he does not get angry very often.

"You would think a great big fellow like Chetwoot would eat other animals but he doesn't, at least not unless he gets very hungry. Like other animals, he will eat most anything if he gets hungry enough but wild animals hardly ever get very hungry because they know where and how to look for something good to eat, and if they don't find it they go some place else and keep on going until they do find food of some kind or other.

"Chetwoot does not worry very much about something to eat, however, for he eats a little of most anything and sometimes a great deal of some things.

"He is very fond of all kinds of berries and usually stuffs himself on them whenever he finds any ripe ones. Any kind of berries look good to him and he fairly lives on them during the ripening season, from the early wild strawberries to the late huckleberries and salal berries.

"Ants, ant eggs, grubs and all such things that live in old rotten logs or under them are favorite foods and he tears rotten logs to pieces just to get at the grubs inside.

"He is just as fond of wild onions as he is of ants and will tear a mountain meadow all to pieces digging for the little onion bulbs.

"When salmon or other fish are running up the rivers to spawn he will catch fish as easily and as quickly as a man does and he eats many of them in season. Chetwoot is an interesting old fellow and he eats so many kinds of things that it is difficult to say just what he will or will not eat. Sometimes he will browse like a cow on green grass, or eat a patch of wheat sprouts from some new settlers little field, or eat all the new

clover or alfalfa tops that he can stuff while another one of his own family will travel miles just to eat a little of the half decayed flesh of a dead horse or cow, though he does not usually make flesh of this kind an article of regular diet. No man can say just what he will or will not eat. But he is very fond of mushrooms and honey and berries.

"In the fall, just before he goes to sleep for the winter, he stuffs himself until he puts on a great layer of fat under the skin to keep him alive while he sleeps through the winter cold, for he does not eat at all after he goes into his den until he wakes up in the spring and comes out again. Then about the first thing he eats is the wild onion that grows in the high mountain meadows or the berry of the Killikinick plant, or both.

"He is a queer fellow in many ways. He usually travels on all four feet like a dog but he can walk on his hind legs like a man just about as well and he can use his fore legs just as a man uses his hands and will carry things with his arms just as a man does.

"When he is first born Chetwoot is a tiny little thing as naked as a human baby and he does not grow his hairy coat for several days.

"When he is a little fellow he is full of fun and likes to play and romp about just like little children and he does not get real surly or mean tempered until he is nearly grown.

"He is a great climber among rocks and the fallen logs of a rockslide in the mountains, but he can not climb trees. Itswoot, the Black Bear, can climb trees because his claws are made for climbing, but Chetwoot's claws are so shaped that he can not climb a tree.

"Chetwoot lives up in the Rocky Mountains and other mountain ranges west of the Missouri River from Alaska clear down to Mexico, and at one time was plentiful on the Pacific Coast from the Columbia River southward.

"In Alaska he has developed into several families that are all cousins, and he is also closely related to the big Polar Bear that lives on the great ice fields of the far North.

"Every big bear has a particular country of his own that he ranges all over while hunting his food, and every other bear keeps away from

this range and lets its owner have it, for the owner will fight all trespassers that try to hunt their food on his territory.

"All over this range the bear that owns it will put his mark, or sign, on trees so that any other bear can see and find out just how big its owner is. To make his sign he stands on his hind legs, reaches just as high as he can and then scratches the bark of the tree there so it bears his mark. Sometimes he makes light scratches, and sometimes the bark is slashed to shreds and ribbons by the big, powerful claws of Chetwoot.

"At any rate the mark is plain enough to any other passing bear, and unless he is the bigger of the two he goes on and lets the owner alone. But the stranger may take a notion to scratch his own sign above the one made by the other bear, thus telling him to go and find a new home for himself because the stranger intends to stay.

"The country where Chetwoot lives is one where the big hills pile up, one on top the other, clear up among the clouds. Great forests cover part of it, and crystal clear streams, filled with trout, rush down the valleys and canyons. Great snowbanks bask in almost perpetual sunshine the year around for they are above all but the big storm clouds.

Chetwoot, The Big Bear

"Berries, chokecherries, roots, bulbs, and other things Chetwoot likes to eat are plentiful, so he has an easy life and lives among the high mountains in company with the Bighorn Sheep and the Elk and Mountain Goat and Deer.

"The big Cougar, Wolverine and many fur bearing animals also live there. His little black cousin, Itswoot, the Black Bear, likes the forest better than a country that is too open.

"Both these bears live a great deal alike for they both have a regular territory of their own and many times live neighbors. But the little black fellow never trespasses on his big relative's hunting ground for he is as much afraid of the big Grizzly as a cat is afraid of a dog.

"They both eat the same kind of food in many instances and are alike in many of their habits, though the little black fellow is never so savage and ugly tempered.

"The bears all have fine noses and Itswoot's nose is as good as the best. No odor gets by without his knowing it; the faintest scents and

smells demand his attention and investigation for he has to depend on his nose where he can't rely on his eyes. He can see well enough at night, and is not at all blind in daylight, but his eyesight is poor compared to the delicate sureness of his nose and he pays attention to his nose whenever it tells him anything.

"He can smell honey for miles when the air is just right, and he knows where every pig pen is within miles of his range. He is very fond of honey and is also partial to a young pig once in a while, though he is not a heavy meat eater.

"He prefers to browse off all kinds of vegetable food as a usual thing, but once in a while he undoubtedly does kill and eat a young pig.

"Itswoot is perfectly harmless so far as attacking man is concerned. He can hardly be made to fight man. Chetwoot, on the other hand, will often fight a man for he has a nasty, surly disposition. But Itswoot, his black cousin, is good natured and playful, especially as a cub and even up to the time he is nearly grown. If kept in confinement and treated kindly all the time he becomes as tame as a shepherd dog and is no more ferocious.

"Itswoot is very fond of fish and likes to get them whenever he can.

"When the Salmon run up the Western rivers to spawn, they frequently cross bars and rapids that are very shallow and they circle around in the pools below the rapids just before climbing up.

"Itswoot catches them on the rapids at night, flinging them clear out on the bank with a swinging slap of his powerful forearm.

"In daytime he can hardly ever get close enough to catch them this way so he finds a convenient log or rock where he can crouch and wait until a Salmon tries to pass up stream and then a single sweep of Itswoot's powerful paw lands him high and dry.

"Itswoot fishes another way that demands considerable thinking and energy combined.

"Up in the high mountain meadows there are frequent flats and swampy places where the water gathers as the snow melts.

"Sometimes these places are so nearly level that they drain out very slowly through a little two foot brook of icy water that winds about all over the flat in dozens of loops and bends.

"Such brooks are usually full of fine small trout up to a foot in length. Itswoot knows this as well as any man does and he has his own way of getting them.

"First he looks the brook over and decides where he wants to do his fishing. Then he gets right into the water and races up and down until he has the water real muddy; then he goes to the downstream end of this muddy water and sits down flat with his legs spread out and facing upstream just as a man would.

"The trout drift down with the muddy water until they come to Itswoot's big hairy legs and try to pass and get out of the muddy water. Then Itswoot just reaches right down with his forepaw and picks that fish up as easily as you would pick up an orange, and that is the last of that trout! He does many other things that require a good bit of thought and is as nearly human as any wild animal that runs the woods. He should not be hunted and killed at all for he is more like a fat, good natured boy than anything else."

"I want to hear more about the bears," said Dorothy, when the old Chief paused.

Little Owl smiled. "Very well," he said. "I think I shall tell you about a little baby black bear that I knew once. He was just like a little

boy and was raised to be almost full grown by a young lady who liked pets and could understand animals.

"This young lady lived on a farm beside a big lake at the foot of the mountains and her brothers went hunting up in the forest that covered the mountain side above the lake.

"One day they came back bringing a tiny little black cub no bigger than a little puppy. They had killed his mother and then found him afterward.

"The young lady got him for a pet and she fixed a nursing bottle so she could feed him nice warm milk. She cared for him almost as well as his own mother could have done.

"At first all the cub did was to drink his milk, go to sleep, wake up and play for a little while and then drink milk and go to sleep again.

"He grew fat and round as a ball and more playful all the time and many a fine romp he had with the lady while he was growing up.

"Everywhere she went he was at her heels, and half the time he stood on his hind legs beside her

or even clung to her dress with his little forepaws and walked beside her just like a baby.

"When she sat in a chair he would climb into her lap and curl up there like a little fat kitten.

"If he happened to stray on a little trip of his own and found anything that frightened him he would run as fast as he could straight to the young lady and hide behind her skirts or try to climb up into her arms for protection, crying and acting exactly like a little frightened child.

"Once he ventured into the orchard where two or three cows were feeding and they chased him as quick as they saw him. He had never seen a cow before and he ran woof-woof-ing to the lady and would not rest until she took him into her arms and fondled him just as she would have done with a frightened child. The little fellow was so frightened that he cried for an hour about it.

"He grew to be a big, grown bear and always came straight to the young lady just as a child would. At last she had to go away from the farm so she gave him to a park where he lived for a long time, petted and liked by everybody.

"I think you Little Robes have heard enough about bears for one day. Old Little Owl must get some fire wood, so run along home now and perhaps there will be another story some other day."

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOBCAT GOES HUNTING

Inmu Stupa, the wild spotted Bobcat, awoke in his den inside a hollow tree in the Little Woods. He was hungry, as he always is, for there is no fat on his ribs.

Because he was hungry he was in a rage with the world and all in it and he looked about with cold, yellow eyes that held no pity, no kindness and no tolerance for anything but the mean selfishness of Inmu Stupa himself.

When the sun was gone and darkness settled down over the world, Inmu Stupa climbed silently out of the hollow tree and sat on the stub of a limb to look about before starting out to kill whatever he might find too weak to fight back or too careless about safety.

A leaning tree afforded an easy path to the

ground and the rest of the night he roamed about pouncing on any small bird or animal he could find.

Little Owl, following a path in the snow next morning, came across tracks left by big padded feet and he knew at once that they meant death if Inmu Stupa should be left undisturbed to roam among the Little Wild People.

Down the path to the Spring Brook, Little Owl followed the trail of Inmu Stupa and he read signs as he went along just as you read a printed page.

Along the Spring Brook, up on the hillside, through the Little Woods and down into the frozen swamp that edges the Beaver Pond, Little Owl followed the trail and saw every place where Inmu Stupa had killed a bird or an animal of any kind, from mouse to rabbit and from sparrow to quail.

Everywhere it was the same; death journeyed with the spotted Bobcat when he went hunting. Inmu Stupa was big and strong and could kill the Little Wild People who could not get away —that is what the old Indian read in the signs he saw.

Little Owl began to chant a song, softly to himself as he went along—a song in his own tongue, with a strange, wild swing and beat to it that

would make little shivers run up your back just to hear it.

"Tomorrow I go to war with you, Inmu Stupa," he said to himself as he followed along the trail.

That afternoon after school Phyllis and Dorothy and Bobby came to the teepee of Little Owl. They found the old Indian Chief sharpening one of a bundle of steal tipped arrows and chanting softly to himself as he worked.

"What are you doing, Little Owl?" Bobby asked.

"I make War Medicine," he replied, "for Inmu Stupa, who lives only to kill. A-a-yah! War Medicine for him.

"When Inmu Stupa writes his tracks across the snow under the moon the Little Wild People hold their breath; fear fills their hearts because they know death comes where Inmu Stupa walks. A-a-yah! The Little Wild People are all afraid.

"The Coldmaker blows his breath hard to freeze Inmu Stupa. A-a-yah! The Coldmaker makes war on Inmu Stupa.

"But Inmu Stupa has warm fur and strong teeth and great hooked claws and he laughs at the Coldmaker even as he laughs at the Thunderbird and the Many-things-unknown that walk in the night. A-a-yah! He laughs at his enemies.

"Inmu Stupa is Brother to all Evil Things and his heart is bad. A-a-yah! The heart of Inmu Stupa is bad.

"Soon I take the war trail against Inmu Stupa, the Evil One with Yellow Eyes. A-a-yah! I make war."

"Who is Inmu Stupa, Little Owl?" asked Phyllis. She wanted to know who this could be that Little Owl was chanting his War-medicine song about, for it made one feel creepy just to listen to its wild minor notes.

The old Indian Chief stopped singing and tested the needle-like point of an arrow with his thumb.

"Little Robes," he said, "always you want to know things. That is good. I must tell you then that this Evil One, Inmu Stupa, is that Spotted-cat-with-a-short-tail who is born wild and lives alone and thinks only of killing wherever he goes.

"He kills even his own children, therefore even his wife lives alone with her young ones and she fights Inmu Stupa away whenever he comes near, for he would kill the little ones.

The Bobcat Goes Hunting

"Inmu Stupa, the Bobcat, has come into our little woods; until he goes away not one live thing will be safe. As soon as darkness comes, then Inmu Stupa carries death wherever he goes.

"Inmu Stupa is walking death to all the tribes of Little People and so I make war, for he must die if others are to live. It is as I say.

"Come tomorrow or the next day and I shall tell you more about this spotted wild Bobcat who lives only to quarrel with the world. Then I shall have his hide here in my teepee. Leave me now, Little Robes, for I make War Medicine."

Next day when the children went down to the teepee under the big Maple tree beside the Beaver Pond they found it empty and the fire out, for Little Owl was away. He was out on the war path after Inmu Stupa.

All day long Little Owl followed the trail of Inmu Stupa with his bow ready to send a needle-pointed arrow whizzing through the spotted yellow body of the big cat the first moment he should be sighted by keen Indian eyes.

All day long Inmu Stupa dodged and kept out of sight, trying to find a place where he could sleep and rest if he could only get where the silent Indian would not find him.

But Little Owl knew the ways of Inmu Stupa much better than Inmu Stupa knew the ways of Little Owl, and the old Chief did not hurry the least bit. He just followed the trail wherever it went and he was always so close behind that Inmu Stupa could not rest at all, nor even take a little nap, for that silent, slow-walking Indian Chief was sure to come in sight about the time the big cat began to think he had lost him.

Little Owl was not the kind of a traveler to be shaken off and he was in no hurry, so it was not long before Inmu Stupa began to be afraid of this man-shadow that was always just behind him.

A Bobcat has as many nerves as a sick man and he can think of only one thing at a time, so before night came Inmu Stupa was in a furious rage at the whole world and at the shadow of the slow moving man in particular, and he was ready to fight anything he met.

This was what Little Owl was after, for the big cat would miss half the things he tried to kill to-night and he would be perfectly savage in a very short time if he went without plenty of food.

If he got nervous enough and savage enough, then he might stand and fight instead of running away all the time, and that was what Little Owl wanted him to do, for he could get close enough then to shoot his arrow which would very quickly end the hunt. If he could do this, the Little Wild People would be safe again.

All day long until late evening, Little Owl had driven Inmu Stupa round about through the Little Woods and given him no chance at all to rest. He could not hide from the old Indian Chief and he dared not leave the shelter of the timber and take to the open hillside, because the first dog that sighted him would attack him and Inmu Stupa is afraid of all dogs.

When the friendly darkness began to settle over the world, the big spotted wildcat sneaked silently out of the Little Woods and traveled up along the hillside past the Spring Brook.

If Inmu Stupa had found anything in a trap then, he would have torn it to pieces and gulped it down, for he was ravenously hungry and his

temper was as short as his appetite was large.

He traveled slowly along, making no sound as he walked through the snow with his big padded feet, and stopping to look and to litsen every little way.

By the time the moon was up he arrived at the fence around Mr. Wilson's garden and just a little farther away was the hen house full of sleeping chickens which could be reached by jumping up on the open window sill above the fence.

Silently the big cat crept toward the open window, going along the path that follows the fence.

Suddenly little Bobby turned the corner of the hen house as he ran toward home on his way back from the store from a late errand and he almost ran into the big cat before either one knew that the other was there.

Bobby only saw a shadowy shape spring snarling away in the half light of the moon.

Inmu Stupa, however, knew that Bobby belonged to the tribe of men and therefore he was an enemy, so he bolted, intent only in getting away as far and as fast as he could.

But Mr. Wilson's dog had been tagging along with Bobby and he chased Inmu Stupa the moment he saw him and he kept right on until he chased the big Bobcat up into the tall walnut tree

by the fence. There the dog stayed, barking loudly until Mr. Wilson came and saw the cat on a limb.

Mr. Wilson then went right to the teepee of Little Owl and told him what he had found.

"Good," said Little Owl as he got his bow and arrow. "Now I kill Inmu Stupa and dry his skin in my lodge smoke."

Bobby had trailed Mr. Wilson down to Little Owl's teepee. He was anxious to see the end of all this, and when the old Chief took his bow and arrows and started out, little Bobby trailed right along.

"I know I can get close enough to this big coward to shoot him," said Little Owl, "because he is afraid of the dog. He would not dare come down or jump out of the tree unless some one climbed up after him."

When the moon came up high enough to see, Little Owl shot Inmu Stupa with one arrow and he tumbled down into the snow.

He was badly hurt by the arrow, but not dead, and the dog attacked him when he struck the

ground. Inmu Stupa could not run so he had to stay and fight.

Even though badly wounded he had strength to slash out with these big sharp claws of his and every time he touched the dog he tore and cut his skin as a knife would cut it. Finally the old Indian shot two more arrows through him while he was fighting the dog and that finished him.

"A-a-yah!" said Little Owl. "Now, at last Inmu Stupa, the killer, like all killers, has died a violent death. Now all the other Little Wild People should have peace and their hearts should sing again.

"Now we must put out feed for our friends, the Little Wild People, for the snow is deep and they are still afraid to hunt for food for fear of Inmu Stupa because they do not know yet that he is dead.

"Run along home Little Robe, and to-morrow we will scatter grain for the birds and put out feed in the woods. To-morrow the Little Wild People will know that Inmu Stupa is dead and that peace has come again to the Little Woods."

And when Bobby got home he was so excited he could hardly tell the other children all about it, and they talked so late that they finally had to be scolded for not going to sleep.

CHAPTER XIV

SHUNKA MANITOU, THE GRAY WOLF

"That skin that you now sit on by my fireside once belonged to the great Gray Wolf, Shunka Manitou, who is one of the most powerful of the animals," said Little Owl one day when Bobby and Phyllis and Dorothy were warming their cold toes by the fire in the old Chief's teepee.

"In those days, before the animals and man were separated and became different peoples, Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf, belonged to the clan of the Midwinni men, who were the Mystery Makers.

"Every Medicine Man belonged to the Midwinni clan, which had power to use all the Gods, because each Medicine Man had his own Medicine Bundle consisting of powerful charms that caused the

Gods to come and do the bidding of the Medicine Man who owned the charm.

"Each charm had its own song that must be sung in a secret just-so way in order to use the power of the charm.

"If this was not done, then the power could not be used. It was useless also in the hands of any one except the owner of the charm, who was the only one who knew the Secret Song and Secret Ceremony that controlled the great power of the Gods.

"Shunka Manitou was, in those days, one of the greatest of all Medicine Men because he had a Medicine Bundle that was full of the most powerful of secret charms and he knew how to use every one.

"When the time came when Something Happened to separate the tribes and make men out of some of them and leave the others just animals, then Shunka Manitou was left with the other animals and is still an animal, though he still possesses his great Medicine Power and is considered by all Indians to be a very powerful animal.

"It is his skin that you sit upon now, the skin of Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf, who was once able to talk to men in their own tongue.

"Nobody knows what happened to change

everything about; all that anyone knows is that Something Happened and from that time on men have lived alone and animals have lived alone and the two peoples cannot talk to each other in one language as they did in the Far-back times.

"Shunka Manitou is a great Medicine Animal if you know his ways. Among my people you must know a Wolf Song and own a Medicine Wolf Skin before you can get Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf, to help you.

"If you do possess a Medicine Wolf Skin and know a Dream-song, then you possess a charm that is powerful enough to bring the help of Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf Spirit Chief, belonging to the Spirit Tribes of the Ancient Ones, who are older than the oldest of our Far-back-fathers.

"These Ancient Ones are the Spirit Tribes of the Gone-before peoples who were once all one great tribe of animals and men who could all speak the same language and lived all together with all of the Gods.

"This was in that Far-back time before Something Happened that separated all the animals from all the tribes of men and gave each one a language of his own.

"When this Something Happened then the tribes of men became different from each other and different from the animal tribes who were made afraid of men and no longer had the power to talk to each other and to men in the same language.

"Shunka Manitou has had great sorrow on his mind ever since, for he has lost his power to turn himself into anything else he wants to, so he must remain forever as Shunka Manitou the great Gray Wolf.

"You can hear him chant his grief from the hill tops when he sings his Ghost Song, for that is the most mournful sound that any animal makes.

"You see, Shunka Manitou has a great sorrow; his heart is on the ground as my people say, because he wants to tell something to the tribes of men and cannot speak to men any more.

"Ever since Something Happened in the Far-back times to separate all the tribes of animals from the tribes of men, Shunka Manitou has been trying to tell men some great Medicine Secret

for their own good, but he cannot do so, nor will he ever be able to do so, because he can talk only Wolf Talk that men cannot ever understand."

Little Owl stopped and filled his long stone pipe with Killikinick from a fine beaded bag.

"I thought Manitou meant the Great Spirit Above," said Bobby.

"Yes, you are right about that, but Manitou also means the Great Supernatural Power of the Gods. Anything having to do with the Gods, or with God-like power, is also known as Manitou," Little Owl replied, as he blew a puff of smoke to each of the Four Directions of the World, another to the Sun and one to Our Mother, the Earth.

"The word 'Shunka' means 'dog'," he continued "and the word 'Manitou' means anything that is sacred possessions of the Gods.

"The great Gray Wolf is called 'Shunka Manitou' or the Dog-God, because he is the Far-back Father of all the Dog tribes when all the animals talked and lived as one tribe together with all men in the Time of the Beginning.

"In the Time of the Beginning he was also a very powerful Medicine Chief and he still has a very strong Medicine Power that he knows how to use to help him live among all his enemies.

"That power is the supernatural power of the Spirit Dog-chief and it is the Spirit, or Magic, power of the clan of the Midwinni and therefore it is Manitou Power. That is why he is called 'Shunka Manitou.'

"So now you know why my people call the great Gray Wolf 'Shunka Manitou, the Spirit Dog-chief', for that is what his name means in the language of my people and it is what the great Gray Wolf means to the Indians, for he is the Sacred Dog of the Ancient Ones.

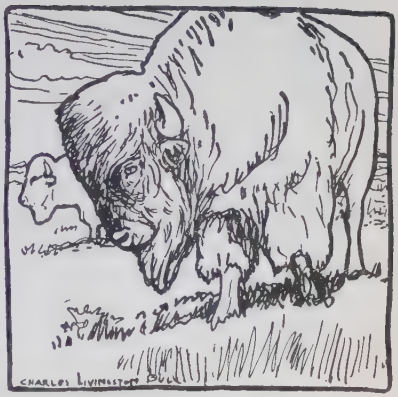
"Now I shall tell you about his ways, when Crooked Horns, the Buffalo, lived on the plains.

"That was when I was a young man. In those days there were no white men in the country and the Indians all lived in teepee villages and followed the Buffalo whenever they needed meat.

"No matter where one went, the Buffalo were there ahead of him, so everybody always had meat and the people were happy.

"Shunka Manitou also had plenty, for he could always pull down and kill a Buffalo calf or a wounded Buffalo.

Shunka Manitou, The Gray Wolf



"As far as one could travel on a horse in the length of one summer westward from the Mississippi River one found the Buffalo always in front of him, and if he traveled from the Always-summer country of the South to the country of the Coldmaker up under the Seven Brothers Stars of the very-far North it was the same; the Buffalo were there ahead of him and Shunka Manitou lived where the Buffalo lived and much farther besides.

"Shunka Manitou came and went as he pleased, always following the hilltops where he could see and always reading the wind with his nose so no enemy could surprise him.

"He hunted and raised his family all over the great Plains country and always, except in the far north, he hunted alone or in pairs, for he could kill any animal except the Grizzly Bear, the Buffalo and the Mountain Lion.

"Then the white man came and killed everything and set his towns where men and animals had lived in peace together for ages before.

"So if to-day you wanted to know where to find Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf, as he was when I was a young man, I could not tell you where to go, for the white man is everywhere and he has put fear into the heart of the Wolf who never knew fear before.

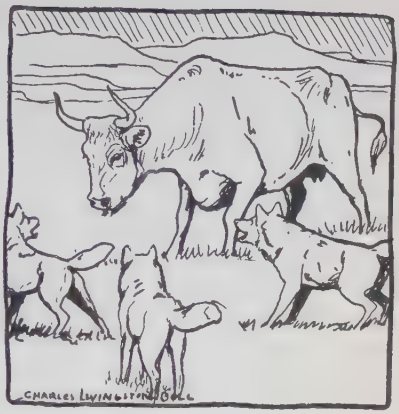
"My people did not kill him because he was a powerful Medicine Animal and they were afraid to injure him because they thought he could use his Medicine Power to do all sorts of harmful things to them.

"If I talked to you for a whole moon I could not tell you all there is to know about Shunka Manitou."

"Please tell us more," said Bobby, who was afraid the old Indian would stop his story.

"Well," said Little Owl, "maybe you wonder what became of all the great tribe of Shunka Manitou whose hunting grounds were as large as the whole country of the Buffalo herds in olden times.

"As far back as the Indians can remember there had always been plenty of Buffalo and other game animals and Shunka Manitou was on every hilltop, because the Indians never kill Medicine Animals except for certain sacred ceremonial uses which I shall tell you about some day.



"But when the white man came things changed so quickly that it seems as though it had all been a dream.

"First he came in the east like the starting of a small fire which spreads in all directions.

"Very soon the animals were all fleeing ahead of the white man, for he was killing them all as he came.

"He killed everything and left nothing, even killing my people, the Indians, as well.

"My people soon fled like the animals, toward the setting sun, to save our lives.

"Still the white men came on, like a great fire that sweeps through tall grass, and they killed and killed as they came until they had all, and then they built their towns where once all the tribes had hunted and lived happily.

"Shunka Manitou found fear in his wild heart and he learned how to run away, which was something he had never done before.

"When the Buffalo were gone he began to kill the white man's cattle because there was nothing left for him to eat. This made the white man

doubly his enemy, for he declared war on Shunka Manitou and started out to kill him to the last member of his tribe.

"Very soon afterward only a few wolves were left and these ventured out only at night and the white man hunted them harder than ever, using guns, dogs, poison and traps, so the wolves were in danger all the time no matter where they went or what they tried to do. The white man had put a price upon their heads and every man killed them on sight.

"All this has happened in my life. If you wanted to see Shunka Manitou, the great Gray Wolf, alive and wild to-day you could not find him any place unless it would be somewhere in the country of the Coldmaker."

"To-day I smoke and make Ghost Medicine for the Ghost of Shunka Manitou, who has gone to the Sandhills where my people believe that the Shadows of Those-who-have-gone-before live again.

"I make this Ghost Medicine after the old-time way of my people. It will be well for you Little Robes to look on, for very soon the Indians will be gone and then nobody will know how to make Ghost Medicine in the way it was made even by the Far-back Fathers of my people long before white men ever saw them."

As Little Owl finished talking, he began to make his Ghost Medicine, or prayer ceremonial for the dead, as his people always had.

First he built a clean new fire opposite the tee-pee door.

On this fire he sprinkled a Sacred Incense, made of Killikinick, Sweet-grass, Sweet-pine and Tobacco, to make Medicine-smoke.

As the white, scented smoke arose, the old Chief dipped his hands in it and drew it up over himself, thus going through the movements of bathing himself in the smoke as he would bathe in water.

This is done while a song-prayer is chanted with the idea of warding off evil influences that might destroy the Medicine.

Next he opened his Sacred Medicine Bundle and took his Sacred Pipe from among a great collection of bones, heads, hoofs, teeth and various parts of birds and animals, including many skins, each of which has its own prayer chant to go with it.

Filling his pipe with the ceremonial mixture, he lighted it with a new coal from the new fire and blew a puff of smoke to the North, South, East and West, one to the Sun and one to our Mother, the Earth. With each puff he chanted a short prayer.

The pipe was then placed in two small forked sticks stuck in the ground, for it must never touch the Earth.

Then, with chanted song-prayer, the old man finished the ceremony by asking all his Gods and the Unseen Powers to have pity on and protect Shunka Manitou and the shadows of the Gone-before Ones, who dwell in the Sand Hills, which is the Indian Heaven.

While each song was being chanted to some particular Medicine Animal, Little Owl held the skin of that Animal in his hands and spoke directly to it as the representative of the spirit animal he addressed.

The children had witnessed a ceremonial as old as mankind and one seldom seen by white people anywhere.

"Hoh! Little Robes, come to-morrow for more stories," said Little Owl, when it was all over. "Come to-morrow, if you will, but leave me now to smoke my thoughts, as old men do."

CHAPTER XV

WANMDI AND THE WAR BONNET

One warm sunny afternoon, when the snow was melting and the air felt like spring, Bobby "yoo—hooed" over the back fence and told Phyllis and Dorothy to get on their rubbers and come on down to see Chief Little Owl, the old Indian.

"Tell us some stories of the days when you were a young man and went to War, Little Owl; you know you said you would some day," said Bobby when they found the old Chief in front of his door.

"Hoh! So you want war stories now do you, Little Robe?

"Well that is the way of a young man; as soon as he grows up big enough to shoot his own bow and arrow he wants to go away to war. He

does not stop to think that many who go to war never come back. All he sees is himself as a big man coming home with many scalps.

"Hoh! Do you know the War Bird, the great Bald Eagle, Wanmdi, who flies high against the clouds? Do you know him, Little Robes?

"Look, yonder, almost as high as you can see against the white cloud, away, away up yonder, almost to the middle of the sky—do you see him sailing in circles there?

"From his white tail feathers my people make their war bonnets and their feather war flags and a warrior is entitled to wear one feather, with a black tip, in the back of his hair, sticking straight up to let people know he is a brave man and a warrior.

"The Bald Eagle, Wanmdi, is not usually about after the snow comes and the Coldmaker blows his breath down from the Lodge of the Seven Brothers to freeze the world.

"Nearly always he goes south to the Always-summer country late in the fall, but sometimes he stays late or even stays all winter if the hunting is good. Generally, however, he goes to where the water does not freeze in winter, because he likes fish to eat better than anything else.

"That one you see away up there against the clouds now is traveling southward, but he is in no hurry, for the weather is fine and he does not care so very much if it does get cold so long as he can catch rabbits, grouse or any bird or animal to eat.

"Fish are easier for this big bird to catch than animals. For one thing, good sized animals are scarce nowadays since the country has become settled and many of the wild animals have been killed.

"Years ago, when there were plenty of Buffalo, Deer, Antelope, Wolves, and Coyotes on the plains, then Wanmdi never went hungry, for he could always kill his meat somewhere among the tribes of the Little Wild People.

"Nowadays these animals are all gone and many others are so scarce that even the high sailing Eagle would not be able to find one in a whole day, so he has become even more of a fish eater than he was in the days of our Far-back Fathers."

Bobby was anxious to know more about

Wanmdi, the Bald Eagle, because he is the Indian War Bird and he is also the bird that represents the United States among the family of nations.

"Tell us more about the Eagle," he said to Little Owl.

"Well, sit down on that wolf skin there by the fire," said Little Owl, "so I can smoke here in my own seat while I talk to you."

Phyllis and Dorothy and Bobby all sat on the big wolf skin side by side while Little Owl told them about the big bird they had seen sailing so high above the world.

"Wanmdi, the Bald Eagle, kills his own meat when he can, but he will eat any dead animal, bird or fish, if he is hungry, so he is not so dignified as many people would like to have him.

"He is a great fish eater and he nests in large numbers among the islands of the coast of Alaska where he has no trouble at all in catching all the salmon he wants when these fish run up the rivers to spawn.

"You can find Alaska in your Geography and I will tell you some day about the salmon that live there.

"Wanmdi, the Eagle, many times nests up in the mountains and hunts his meat on the plains. He used to catch young antelope, jack-rabbits,

wolf, fox or coyote cubs, fawns or any other living thing he could drop down on out of the high places and capture.

"Now about all he can get on the plains is a few small things like prairie dogs, jack-rabbits badger and such lambs as he can steal from the sheep herders flocks. The others are all gone forever.

"He does not even draw the line at snakes now and such dead bodies as he may happen to sight from his flying grounds high above the world. He never was very particular, though, about what his meat should be.

"The Indians trap him by putting a dead animal beside a pit which is dug in the ground and covered with brush and grass and then with sod so that it looks perfectly natural.

"Inside this pit an Indian hides and waits until the Eagle drops down out of the sky and alights alongside the animal used for bait.

"When this happens the waiting Indian reaches out and grabs the Eagle by the feet and pulls him down into the hole, where he breaks the big

bird's neck. Then they use his tail feathers to make war bonnets.

"Most always the big Eagle fights with all his might when the Indian catches him by the leg and his great wings can strike a blow almost as hard as a grown man's fist, to say nothing of the slashing he can give a naked hand or arm with those great hooked black claws or that fierce, sharp yellow beak.

"Many young Indian men have been so badly cut and scarred by Eagles they have caught that they carry the marks all their lives.

"You must remember what I tell you about Wanmdi, for you will not be able to see him very often," said the old Chief.

"In the first place, the Bald Eagle is not 'bald' at all, but his head is covered with white feathers. His tail is white also and his feet and beak and eyes are yellow and his feet and legs are naked of feathers.

"One strange thing about him is that he does not get his white head and tail feathers until he is four years old. Before that he is just a brown eagle that you would not be able to tell from the Golden Eagle unless you looked closely to see whether his feet and legs were feathered or not. If not, he is a young Bald Eagle; if they are, he is

a Golden Eagle, which is always brown.

"Many times Wanmdi's tail feathers do not turn white all at once and when this happens sometimes the tips of the tail feathers are left black.

"These are the most valuable feathers to make a War Bonnet out of because they are 'strong medicine' feathers that are supposed to help the wearer of a War Bonnet to be a big, strong warrior.

"A War Bonnet made out of these black tipped white feathers always looks very beautiful on a painted Indian Warrior when he rides horseback and the long feather 'tail' of the head dress streams out behind him like a comet.

"Indian women do not wear Eagle feathers at all; only the Warriors wear War Bonnets and other ceremonial feather head dresses, which are always made of the tail feathers only of either the Bald or the Golden Eagle and never from any other bird because the Eagle is the war bird among all Indian tribes. Some day I will tell you why.

"Wanmdi takes a mate and this pair live together as mates all their lives unless one is killed soon after mating; then it is likely the remaining one finds another mate, but I am not sure that this is so.

"This white headed eagle is the greatest fish eater of all the birds except those that live on fish alone.

"He is also a great bird to kill ducks, swans or geese on the wing and can always do it, as he is a fast flyer.

"There are still some things you should know about Wanmdi, Little Robes, so I will tell you more about him.

"He has very big wings for his size. This is not strange, for many other birds have the same kind of wings, but none have the same shape, for the wings of Wanmdi are nearly as wide at the point as they are at the place where they join the body; so his whole wing is nearly the same width all along its full length like the wing of an aeroplane.

"He is one of the strongest fliers in the world and can soar for hours above the world without flapping a wing at all.

"Then if he uses those great wings with the same flapping motion that any bird does he

plunges through the air faster than any of the others. Not even the ducks or geese, or swans or cranes can escape if he intends to slash through a flock and kill his dinner.

"Also, he must have powerful wings to take his own weight and the extra weight of a small animal or a big fish up into the air from the surface of the water, because almost every day he carries loads that will give his wings as much more to carry as his own weight amounts to.

"He builds his nest usually in a dead tree or on a rocky shelf on some cliff and there raises the young eagles, usually two in the nest, though the number varies and is not always the same.

"He will swoop through a flock of ducks, geese, or other large birds, strike a victim with those terrible claws of his and pass on, allowing it to fall. Then he swings back and catches it again before it ever reaches the ground.

"He seems to be in no great hurry as he does this, but his flight then is so fast that the dead bird falls only a little distance before Wanmdi

overtakes it and picks it up just as easily as you would catch a ball in the air.

"No other large bird can handle himself in the air like the Eagle, for he can sail like the Buzzard or dart about here and there like a smaller bird, and this makes him a terrible enemy when he starts out to kill his meat from the flocks that use the high air when they make their journeys from north to south and back again."

"Will you tell us about your War Bonnet, Little Owl?" Phyllis said to the old Indian Chief when he seemed to have finished talking about the Bald Eagle.

"Hoh! So you Little Robes want to know all about my old feather war hat, do you?

"Well, there is no more war for young Indian men to go to now, and that is good. My old War Bonnet is packed away in its rawhide case to become food for Wamdudan, the worm, even before I am dead. The world changes."

He got up and brought a rawhide case, called a parfleshe, over to the fire and took from it a beautiful War Bonnet made of black tipped eagle feathers and scarlet cloth.

"Here it is," he said, "and it has been in this case for more than fifty years.

"When I was a very young man I went into the

hills all alone according to the custom of my people.

"I fasted there for six days so I should have a war dream. You would not know about this unless you were an Indian, because only Indians believe in fasting to have medicine dreams which tell them what to do when they do not know. Some day I will tell you all about this also.

"When I had fasted six days I dug a pit and put a dead antelope down beside it. Then I got down inside the hole and covered it over with sod laid on many little poles so the ground looked all the same from above.

"Here I waited until nearly evening before a great Bald Eagle came down from the sky and lit beside my hiding place.

"I reached out and caught him by the legs and pulled him into the hole. Here I had a big fight with him, but at last I broke his neck.

"Before long another Eagle came, this time the one having the black tipped feathers, and I caught him as I had the other.

"For three days I stayed in the pit catching Eagles and at the end of that time I had caught enough with the black tipped tail feathers to make this bonnet, so I climbed out of the pit to go home.

"I was so weak from hunger and the wounds the Eagles had given me in fighting that I fell down beside the pit and lay there for a long time, but at last I got up and went on home, first taking the tail feathers out of all my dead Eagles and tying them in a big bundle.

"When I got to my teepee I rested and ate meat until I was well and strong again, and then I made this War Bonnet from the tail feathers of the eagles I had caught.

"Some day, perhaps, I will tell you how I wore this War Bonnet to war when I was a very young man."

"Tell us now," asked Bobby.

"Well," said the old Chief, as he laid aside his War Bonnet, "those were great days, for there were no white people where I lived and the Indians had nothing to do but hunt and go to war.

"Fighting and hunting was the business of all young men in those times, so I went to war with the others and was in many fights with the enemy.

"The War Chief led his young men against the

enemy and before they went into a fight they all stopped and put on their War Bonnets and painted themselves and their horses according to custom with the Red and Black colors of war.

"Then they got on their horses and rode at a gallop toward the enemy and the long tails of all the War Bonnets streamed out behind as they rode.

"Often some young men were killed, and often our war party brought back the scalps of the enemy and there would be much rejoicing in our big camp.

"Then all night long the drums would go Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! and the warriors would dance and show in the dancing how they had fought the enemy.

"The harder a man fought the greater man he was, and he was greater still if he brought back many horses taken from the enemy.

"We did not have guns in those days; all we had to fight with were our bows and arrows, our lances and our war clubs, so every man had to meet the enemy and fight him man to man.

"It took brave men to fight that way because one or the other nearly always was killed before the fighting was over.

"You must run along now, for I am tired with thinking about war days. Come again to-morrow and I will tell you another story—something better for Little Robes than stories of war."

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAPPER TOM CATCHES THE WEASEL.

"I want to hear more about how Little Owl went to war when he was a young man," said Dorothy. "Come, let's go and see him."

So they yoo-hooed for Bobby, then Phyllis and Dorothy put on their heavy coats and mittens to keep out the cold, and away they all went to visit the old Chief.

"So you want war stories, do you, Little Robes? Some day I will tell you about the wars we had when I was young, but to-day we must forget about the wars, for we talk about another enemy who has come to make war on all the tribes of the Little Wild People.

"This little fellow is Hitun Kasan, the Winter Weasel, who is a murderer and a bandit all the

time, for he never rests from killing things except when he sleeps. He is even worse than the Mink, though he is only half as big.

"I have found his tracks in the snow near the brook and Trapper Tom has already set his traps for him because he is a killer and he must therefore be killed before he has a chance to find the Little Wild People who live in our woods and on our hillside.

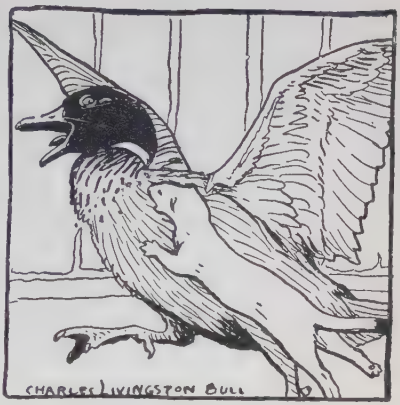
"If we let this brigand Hitun Kasan, the White Weasel, live, then every other living thing among our friends, the Little Wild People, will be dead, for the Weasel kills just for the love of killing and he is busy all the time and travels far and wide, killing everything he can as he goes.

"He travels in the water or under the water; in the snow, over the top of it or under the drifts next to the ground just as he pleases, for he is so small and snake-like that he can get through a hole about as big as my thumb.

"He climbs trees, explores the holes of all the underground things, hunts the dens of animals and nests of birds alike and kills young and old wherever he finds them, and for no reason at all.

"He is like the Evil Spirits; death is never far behind when he roams the land and his heart is always bad, for he has only Evil ways.

Trapper Tom Catches The Weasel



"This little beast, Hitun Kasan, is a small member of a large tribe and he is the worst killer of all of them. Among his relatives are the Mink, Marten, Ferret, Fisher, Otter, Wolverine and some others, and every one of them are savage killers.

"The Weasel is only half the size of the Mink, but he kills birds and animals ten times as big as he is because he is so quick and fearless.

"I found where he has killed several birds already in our woods and now Trapper Tom is out setting deadfall traps for him everywhere because he must not be allowed to stay here."

Just then Mr. Wilson came to the door of Little Owl's teepee and he said, "Little Owl, something killed all my tame ducks last night.

"My dog chased something under the house just before I came away; it looked like a white rat, but it went so quickly I couldn't see what it was. Do you suppose white rats can kill big, full-grown ducks that way?"

"No," said Little Owl, "it was no white rat. It was Hitun Kasan, the Winter Weasel.

"If he is under your house, just let him alone so he will go to sleep for the day. I will bring Trapper Tom and we will set traps to catch him when he starts to prowl to-night."

So Little Owl got his traps and they all went to see Trapper Tom, who got his steel traps ready, and then they all went to Mr. Wilson's house, where a trap was soon set at every little hole and place where the Weasel might come when it got dark.

Some traps were baited and others were not, but it seemed that even a mouse would get caught if he tried to move about very much. Hitun Kasan had been surrounded while he slept.

"Now run along and come back to-morrow and we will see what happens by that time," said Little Owl, as the children started for home in the snow.

Bobby was up at daylight next morning and went right to see Trapper Tom.

Trapper Tom was up early also, for he seems never to sleep at all.

Any time, almost, you may meet him walking silently along some path, for he roams everywhere both day and night. Sometimes he paddles his canoe along the creek and down the river and away off to the lakes near the mountains, for he

is always watching every wild thing so he will know all about them.

When Trapper Tom and Bobby reached Mr. Wilson's house, they found every trap just as it had been set.

Not one had been sprung.

Just then Mr. Wilson came out of his hen house with four dead chickens.

"Waugh! That fellow Hitun Kasan he get away again last night! He don't get caught! That's very bad!" said Trapper Tom. "Now I trail him and find out where he goes, then I get him. This track shows he goes away to the woods again. That is different. Now I catch him sure," said Trapper Tom softly, as he looked at a trail leading away from the house directly toward the snowy wilderness—a trail so small that it looked as though no man could hope to follow it.

"We go now and find this fellow Hitun Kasan," said Trapper Tom.

Across the garden, along the hillside, down the Spring Brook to the edge of the Beaver Pond and then up into the Little Woods to an old stump

Trapper Tom followed the track of Hitun Kasan, who is no bigger than a half-grown rat, though he is twice as long.

Trapper Tom showed Bobby where the Weasel had been prowling in and out of all sorts of places.

He had found and killed two little birds and a field mouse and had eaten both birds.

He had been under lots of thick places where they could not see what he had done, and he had been in and out of every open water hole in the length of the Spring Brook, so there was no way to tell how many things the little killer had murdered as he went along.

"Now I fix all my traps to fool him and when he go to get the bait then right away a heavy little log fall right across his back before he can dodge and in half a minute he be a dead Weasel. He can't get away now, for I know what he thinks about when he comes out to-night.

"To-morrow I show you something," said Trapper Tom as he started to work on his traps.

And he sang a queer little Indian Medicine song to himself as he worked, for that is the way of wild men who live in the wild places and trap wild things.

The next morning Bobby was up early again and tramped away through the snow to go out

with Trapper Tom and look at the traps.

The morning was gray and threatening and a north wind nipped at one's fingers if he did not keep his mittens on.

"Hoh!" said Trapper Tom, as he sniffed the cold north air. "This is good. Last night that fellow Hitun Kasan, the White Weasel, he gets hungry and starts out to kill. We will find him in a trap somewhere this time, I think."

Trapper Tom at last found the Weasel track in the snow. They followed it to where the Weasel had sprung one steel trap and gotten the chicken head bait, but the trap had just nipped him without catching him. There were three or four little white hairs between the grim iron trap jaws.

The Weasel had then gone up the hill into the grass, but soon had turned back toward the Spring Brook, passing all the nicely laid traps and not even touching a bait.

Down the brook they followed him, where he had passed several more well set and nicely

baited deadfalls without even turning to see about them.

Near the mouth of the brook they stepped up on a mossy log to walk across the brook and a chain rattled down by the water.

There he was. Caught fast by one front foot when he had jumped on what looked like a nice little mound of moss.

Bobby saw a little animal about as big around as his wrist, with a long slim body as white as the snow except for the tip of his tail and his black, beady eyes. Along the underside the fur was stained yellowish where swamp mud had left its color as the little brute traveled the brook margins.

Short legs, little ears, long slim body and flat head with a mouth full of sharp teeth made the Weasel look anything but attractive, and he was as savage as a tiger even if he was so small, for he sprang like a cat at Trapper Tom's leg as he stepped off the log.

"Why, that looks like the Ermine fur on mother's fur cape," said Bobby, as he saw the little beast.

"Yes," said Trapper Tom, as he picked up a little club. "In winter he's white with black tip on his tail; in summer he's just a little brown

weasel, but all the time he has a bad heart and he kills everything just because he can. Now I kill him, then everything is safe again."

In a few minutes Trapper Tom had killed the little fighting demon and then quickly skinned the body.

"Take this skin to Little Owl now and tell him that Hitun Kasan kills no more," said Trapper Tom, as he started for home leaving Bobby to go to the teepee of the old Indian Chief with the news that the wild things were now safe again.

"I just love to hear Little Owl tell all about Weasels and everything, don't you Tissy?" said Dorothy, as they came home from school a few days later.

"Yes; it almost seems like you can see the Indians do things when you sit by Little Owl's fire and listen to him.

"Let's get Bobby and go down to Little Owl's teepee and get him to tell us another story before sundown. And maybe he will have finished tanning the skin of the Weasel Trapper Tom caught."

So they yoo-hooed for Bobby and all went to see the old Indian Chief.

"Hi yah! Here you come again, you Little Robes! Always you come and bother an old man and give him no rest!

"Well, sit down on the Bearskin beside my fire and get your noses warm, for cold noses can not smell well and warm fire feels good on Winter days."

The old man was working and pulling the White Weasel skin in every direction over his knee as he talked, for he had tanned it and was just finishing the last stage of drying when they came into his teepee.

Now he handed it to Bobby, a beautiful, white furred little skin as soft and smooth on the inside as one of his mother's kid gloves.

"Now, Bobby, you have the skin of Hitun Kasan, the White Winter Weasel, for yourself. Remember what I have told you and what you have seen him do and you will always know him.

"Among the Indians, the Medicine men say that this animal is Strong Medicine, and that means that he is supposed to have great Supernatural Power and to be like the Gods, which were once animals that could talk like people talk now.

Trapper Tom Catches The Weasel

"In those days animals and men were supposed to live together as one people of many tribes and they all spoke the same language, so they could all understand each other. Then Something Happened, nobody knows what, and the animals became only the animals while men remained men.

"Since then the Indians have noticed the ways of the animals who cannot talk to them now except in dreams.

"When an Indian needs help to do something, or when he is in trouble or has sickness in his family or anything greatly affects him, then he prays to his Gods to help him and he makes sacrifices to them, for that is the way of all his people.

"The Weasel Chief, who is Head Chief of all the Spirit Weasels that are those Long-ago man-like Weasels who are supposed to have been able to talk, is the great Medicine Weasel that the Indian asks to help him and he must have a Weasel skin in his hands when he asks for help. So now, Bobby, you know all about the Weasel

and you have a fine Medicine Weasel skin of your own.

"But go now. It is getting late and your parents will be worried."

The children trooped home and never was there a prouder boy than Bobby. In a day or two, however, he decided to give the skin to Dorothy to have made into a little fur for her neck. Bobby was like that, always sharing all he had with others. And my! How proud Dorothy was!

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